





QUEER BONNETS.



QUEEN BONNETS





Queer Bonnets,

A

BOOK FOR GIRLS.



NEW YORK:
Charles Scribner.

1852.

HOWLAND



QUEER BONNETS;

OR,

Truthfulness and Generosity.

A BOOK FOR GIRLS.

BY

MRS. L. C. TUTHILL,

AUTHOR OF "BEAGGADOCIO," "I'LL BE A GENTLEMAN," "I'LL BE
A LADY," ETC., ETC.

LOUISA CAROLINA (HUGGINS) TUTHILL
" "

NEW YORK:

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QUEER BONNETS.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD STRAW BONNET.

“It’s a good-for-nothing old bonnet, any how,” said Sallie Sabor.

The bonnet was a dingy yellow straw one, trimmed with a faded pink ribbon. It was not on Sallie’s head, though she was its rightful owner, but hung dangling on the waving branch of a large elm-tree. Sallie had thrown it at a curious bird’s nest, built the year before by a fire-hang-bird.*

The children shouted to see nest and bonnet swinging together, high in air, on a leafless branch of the great elm.

“Let’s fetch her down. Here goes!” exclaimed Harry Thomson, scaling a stone at the

* The Baltimore Oriole.

unlucky bonnet. Sweet Jenny Brice seized his arm, crying, "No, no; pray don't tear poor Sallie's bonnet." The entreaty came too late. The stone had gone right through the crown of the old bonnet.

"I don't care," shouted Sallie, "the old thing is just fit for a scare-crow; it will frighten the birds from your grandmother's cherries, Jenny."

The elm stood on one side of Mrs. Brice's cottage, and on the other side a large cherry-tree spread itself over the low roof and suggested the name of the cottage;—Cherricot.

"But you have no bonnet, Sallie. What will you do?" enquired Jenny, earnestly.

"Go bareheaded, and get a fine scolding," said *poor Sallie*, as she was called, and off she started, her long, dark hair streaming after her like a cloud driven by the wind.

By this time other boys from school came along, and seeing Harry Thomson throwing stones at the bonnet, joined in the sport, until it fell to the ground, torn to tatters, but still hanging together.

"Hurra for the scarecrow!" shouted Harry Thomson, taking it up on the end of a small

rattan, which he sported for a cane, and scampering off, followed by a troop of noisy school children.

“Poor Sallie! she is always getting into trouble,” thought Jenny Brice, as she opened the little white gate and went through the yard in front of Cherricot.

A neat cottage is no uncommon thing; indeed cottages are oftentimes neater throughout, than splendid mansions; but Mrs. Brice’s cottage was a model of neatness for the whole village of Snowton. Not a speck or soiled spot was ever seen on the floors or windows; not an atom of dust seemed to find its way within the walls; yet there was nobody to keep it in order but Mrs. Brice and Jenny, with the occasional help of Poll Dobson—and nobody in the world to put it out of order.

Cherricot boasted only two rooms and a garret. One of these rooms was a large kitchen, the other served for parlor and bedroom; besides, a pleasant hall or entry, with a staircase, led through the cottage to a dear little garden behind it. The kitchen floor was covered with a nice green and red home-made

carpet; the dark mahogany tables and the huge chest of drawers with its brass handles, shone with the polish given by a century of hard rubbing.

As Jenny stepped into the kitchen, Mrs. Brice was hanging the tea-kettle over a bright fire in a wide chimney place which spread half across the side of the room. Those immense chimney-corners in which a whole family could cuddle about the fire are now seldom seen. Mrs. Brice, after many changes of abode, was pleased at length to be sheltered in the same nook where she had climbed her father's knee, before the American Revolution.

“Oh grandma', grandma', why didn't you wait till I came home!” exclaimed Jenny, “I can't bear to see you putting on the kettle.”

Mrs. Brice was lame, and as she held the kettle in one hand, she leaned with the other on an ivory-headed cane.

“You are later than usual, my child,” said the grandmother, turning towards a tall, mahogany clock in one corner of the room. The dignified clock, as if politely answering the enquiry, struck *six* clear strokes.

Jenny then busied herself about setting the tea-table, and as she did so told the pitiful story of the old straw bonnet; as she ended, she said, "Poor Sallie! Mrs. Macer will give her a dreadful scolding."

"That will do little good to Sallie, though she deserves correction. The girl is very careless, and I suppose provokes Mrs. Macer to anger," was the cool remark of the grandmother.

"But grandma', poor Sallie is so generous and good-hearted that I do love her dearly, and I think Mrs. Macer is very cruel to her."

Jenny had now spread the table and placed upon it nice brown bread, yellow butter, cheese and honey. She then poured tea into blue china cups and sat down to the cheerful meal with her venerable grandmother.

Mrs. Brice, seated in her large arm-chair by the table, folded her hands and asked a blessing.

Coarse as was her black dress, and plain as was her muslin cap, any one accustomed to observe manners, would have said that Mrs. Brice had acquired habits of good breeding in

early life, which no change of outward circumstances could destroy. Jenny's manners were equally lady-like, though they had a peculiar primness and old-fashioned ceremoniousness, caught from her grandmother.

While Mrs. Brice and Jenny were enjoying their evening meal, a different scene might have been witnessed at the other end of the long street of the village.

CHAPTER II.

THE GOLD RING.

MRS. MACER rented a large parlor in an old tumble-down house, which had once upon a time been the pride of Snowton. That time was, however, long, long ago. Now, the main-staircase had fallen down and all the rooms, excepting Mrs. Macer's, were in so dilapidated a condition as to be uninhabitable. One old lumber room under the eaves of the decayed mansion was Sallie's sleeping-room, to which she ascended by a ladder.

The large parlor, according to the custom of former times, had been shut up, excepting on high days and holidays, and had, therefore, not fallen into the ruinous condition of the rest of the house. The three windows in front

were broken and mended with putty and paper, but still the heavy cornice showed here and there that it had once been richly gilded, and the carved mantel-piece had been the proud work of some city artist. The dark, soiled paper on the walls illustrated Cook's Voyages, and represented groups of savages, dancing, fishing, or fighting—ships, boats and canoes—tall, tropical trees, and gorgeous fruits, flowers, and birds. This paper gave a wild, strange air to the apartment, which was not lessened by its furniture. In one corner was a bed, and before it a tall screen covered with Chinese paper, representing a Chinese garden. The only cupboard or closet the room could boast was a set of wooden shelves covered with an old, tattered, damask curtain. Then there was a dressing-table with a cracked looking-glass; half a dozen chairs of different patterns and sizes, and a ragged hair-cloth sofa. Dresses of various colors and fabrics hung against the wall, in friendly nearness to brooms, gridiron and frying-pan.

Over the mantel-piece were two grim portraits, blackened with smoke, with their eye

fiercely fixed upon the occupants of the room ; and over them was suspended a strip of yellow satin, upon which was embroidered in red letters, "Honor thy father and thy mother;" which motto was to inform the beholder that these respectable personages were the parents of Mrs. Macer.

That lady was reclining upon the aforesaid ragged sofa, reading a greasy, yellow-covered novel from the Circulating Library, when Sallie rushed into the room and hastily closed the door. She was heated with running, and her face and clothing were covered with dust.

Mrs. Macer, without raising her eyes from the book, exclaimed, "Don't slam that door so unmercifully! oh my poor, poor nerves! Hark! what is all that hurrah about!"

Shouts of riotous merriment were heard, and soon the school children, with Harry Thomson at their head, were in front of the house, which stood directly on the street. There was a rattling at one window, and Mrs. Macer looked up and saw the ragged remnants of Sallie's bonnet coming through a broken pane.

"I have mended your window," shouted

Harry Thomson, as he ran off, followed by the whole noisy troop.

“What is that, Sallie?” demanded Mrs. Macer, pointing to the strange mending to the window.

“My old bonnet, ma’am”—and Sallie told the whole story exactly as it happened; for Sallie was truthful as the sun.

Mrs. Macer started from the sofa in a fit of momentary rage and boxed the girl’s ears. Sallie colored deeply, partly with anger and partly from the effects of the blow, but she did not shed a single tear. She drew the torn bonnet from the window and threw it on some coals which lay upon the hearth, the fire having nearly gone out. Mrs. Macer had resumed her place on the sofa, book in hand; she tossed the book across the room and snatched the bonnet from the hearth; as she did so, the dry straw caught, blazed, and set fire to the sleeve of her gown. She dropped the blazing mass and was running towards the door. Sallie, with wonderful presence of mind, kicked the straw into the fire-place, caught a

cloak from the wall and throwing it over Mrs. Macer, extinguished the flame.

“Oh you have spoiled my best cloak,” exclaimed Mrs. Macer, as soon as she had thrown off the garment, “my beautiful blue cloak!”

“I have saved your life, marm,” said Sallie, as she saw a large hole in the gown, which had caught from the sleeve.

“But you have ruined my cloak, my beloved cloak,” continued Mrs. Macer, examining the lining of her blue silk cloak, which was of red flannel. It was only slightly scorched. When that was ascertained, Mrs. Macer discovered that her arm was burned. No sooner did Sallie see that Mrs. Macer was suffering pain, than the anger she had felt was gone from her generous heart, and she flew for cotton and oil for the burn, and soon had it as nicely bandaged as the surgeon of the village could have done it.

“Sallie! Sallie! your carelessness will be the death of me yet,” said Mrs. Macer, still smarting from the burn.

“You need supper; you are tired and hungry,” replied Sallie kindly, “rest yourself on

the sofa, and I will get tea for you in a minute."

Easier said than done, Sallie. The poor girl had first to split wood with a dull axe from a tough log, before she could make a fire. Then there was only a sprinkling of tea-dust in the tea-canister; there was no butter and only a crust of stale bread. So Sallie was sent for tea, sugar and butter, to the grocer's—and for bread and tea cakes to the baker's—without money to pay for them—they must all be charged on account.

Sallie soon came home with the tea, sugar and butter—but the baker would not let her have the bread and tea-cakes, saying he could not let Mrs. Macer have any more without she paid up her account.

Mrs. Macer called the baker hard names and said she would patronize him no longer, Sallie might go across the street to the new French baker.

Sallie.—I will, marm, if you will give me some pennies.

Mrs. M.—I haven't a penny in the house, and shall not have one until next week; tell

him to charge Mrs. Macer with a loaf of bread and a dozen tea-cakes.

Sallie.—He is a stranger—perhaps he will not know who you are.

Mrs. Macer.—Tell him the lady could not make the change this evening, but will send it over to-morrow or next day.

This was a trying errand for a girl who always told the plain truth; but Sallie ran across the street.

The new French baker understood but little English, but the bow-window in front of his little shop filled with white rolls, twisted bread, brown as a nut, and tempting tea-cakes, proved that he understood baking.

A little man in a red shirt and green baize jacket, with a paper cap on his head, stood behind the counter of the well-lighted shop. So comical did he appear to Sallie, that for a moment she forgot her errand and stood gazing at him.

“Come you for look at me?” said the French baker—“I sharge you von cent for every wink of your eye.”

“No, sir,” said Sallie very humbly, “I want to buy a dozen tea-cakes and a loaf of bread.”

“Oh, dat is it! Vish cake vill you have?”

Sallie pointed out the tea-cakes and the baker counted out thirteen.

“Only twelve,” said Sallie.

“But I gib treize for de dozen, leetle miss.”

“And that loaf of bread,” said Sallie, pointing to a twisted loaf.

“Oui, oui; yes, yes.”

While the baker was putting up the bread and cakes in nice wrapping paper, Sallie was troubled and frightened, and when he handed them to her she stood silent, trembling from head to foot.

“De monies,” said he, holding out his hand.

“The lady hasn’t the money this evening, but if you will trust her she will send it to you in a few days.

“No monies! Den no breads, no cakes. Gib dem to me.”

“But Mrs. Macer will certainly pay for them,” continued Sallie, the big tears rolling over her cheeks.

“Were lives de lady?”

Sallie pointed to the old tumble-down house across the street. The baker looked at it and shook his head; then he speered at Sallie with his small twinkling grey eyes, and seemingly quite disgusted with her dirty face and hands, and still dirtier dress, hastily snatched the parcel from her and replaced the bread and cakes in the window.

The poor child sorely troubled, happened to think of a plain gold ring she wore on her finger.

“I will leave this ring with you,” said she, “till the lady can pay you the money.”

“Vell, vell, you vants de breads and de cakes ver' bad, me tink—me keeps de ring; ven you payez de monies, you hab him den.”

Glad to succeed at any rate, Sallie hastened home, and Mrs. Macer enjoyed her tea, bread and cakes, without questioning poor Sallie how she had obtained them.

CHAPTER III.

SALLIE'S SUPERSTITIONS.

WHILE Mrs. Macer was sipping her tea, enjoying her supper, and at the same time reading her novel, poor Sallie was sitting out doors on a large stone. This stone stood by the back door of the old house and served as a "repentance stool" to the girl, when she had done wrong.

It was a cold evening in March, and there sat Sallie in the midst of all the tubs, pails, brooms and mops of the house, looking up at the moon, *over her left shoulder*. Great tears went sparkling in its light over her cheeks, and frequent sobs came from her troubled bosom. Sallie when seated upon the repentance stone frequently pitied herself, and gave vent to her pity in words; she now exclaimed:

“Poor me—poor me! The moon over my left shoulder—bad luck—bad luck! Friday, too! no wonder I have been so dreadfully unlucky to-day. Oh dear, dear, dear! I ought not to have let that ring go from my finger;—it was my own dear mother’s wedding ring. How well I remember when she gave it to me. It was just as she was going to die. She put out her *leetle* white hand and dropping it into mine said, ‘Don’t ever part with that ring,’—and then she said something I don’t quite remember, about her name and my father’s inside. Poor me! she left me all alone in the world when I was only five or six years old. I remember the great bed and the white curtains, and how cold her hand felt when the ring slid off her thin finger into my fat hand.” Here Sallie shuddered and sobbed violently. “I have always kept the ring safe before, (you know I have, mother,) and never put it on till last Friday. Oh dear, dear, dear!”

Mrs. Macer now called Sallie to clear away the table and take her own supper, but Sallie was too sorrowful to eat. Mrs. Macer was too much absorbed in the last pages of her novel

to observe what the poor girl was doing, or that she went to bed supperless.

Sallie did not consider that her present troubles had come about of her own carelessness and thoughtlessness. If she had not thrown her bonnet at the bird's nest it would not have been torn to pieces and thrust in at the window. If she had not thrown it in the fire, Mrs. Macer would not have been burnt. If Mrs. Macer had not been burnt she might have eaten the dry bread and drank weak tea for supper; or if she had not, Sallie under other circumstances would not have parted with the ring for Mrs. Macer's comfort. But Sallie did not reason thus; she always excused her own carelessness, by calling it "bad luck." It is as silly a way, and perhaps as wicked, as to lay all the sins one commits to the devil, when they originate in the heart, and are deliberately acted out in the life.

The roof of the old-fashioned house sloped down behind to one low story, although it was two stories in front. This story was now called "the back shed," and only used for a wash room; above was a garret room, lighted by

one dormer window—a window which ran out of the sloping roof so far, that it would have given very little light even if the panes of glass had all been whole, but as they were more than half covered with paper, the blessed light of day seldom penetrated into Sallie's forlorn bedroom. From one generation to another, this garret had been the place where decayed, useless furniture which might better have been burnt, had been stored. There were tall, dark, looking-glass frames with broken bits of mirror still in the corners—broken-backed and broken-legged chairs—dilapidated tables with monstrous claw feet—high chests of drawers with their brass handles still gleaming from dark corners.

The rats had long held undisputed possession of this apartment when Sallie was placed there with them as tenant in common;—there was very little hope of their giving up their old rights to the new comer. Poor Sallie, though weary with work, and sleepy as all children are, could not, for many weeks after she had occupied that dismal apartment, lose herself in sleep for many miserable hours after she had

lain down in her wretched cot-bed. There she would lie with her head under the bed-clothes, breathing hard, and listening to the rats who raced about the garret. Besides this, poor Sallie was afraid of ghosts, and when the dim light of the moon occasionally struggled through the broken panes and fell upon those tall looking-glass frames, Sallie shuddered with terror and was ready to shriek with agony.

After awhile she became accustomed to every object in the room, till at last she considered them good quiet friends who rendered her room less lonely. The rats, too, as they never harmed her, became a subject for frequent speculation. She wondered what kind of a life they led—how they found food when there was such a scarcity of provisions in the house—how they could climb up the old broken ladder which led to her apartment—whether their squealings were understood by each other—and a multitude of other speculations.

When the wind blew violently, the bricks from the tall old chimney would come rattling down upon the roof at night, and Sallie would then lie trembling for hours, and her fear of

ghosts would return. The tall looking-glasses would again seem to her the spirits of the departed, who still lingered where they had so frequently looked in their life time. Even in broad daylight, Sallie was sometimes afraid to arrange her hair before one of those same tall dark frames, with its piece of broken glass at the top, although it was her only mirror. Poor Sallie, in short, was painfully superstitious.

CHAPTER IV.

SWEET JENNY BRICE.

THE cheerful contentment of Mrs. Brice's fireside was truly beautiful. There sat the dear old lady in her comfortable arm-chair, knitting a pair of white cotton stockings for Jenny.

By her stood a small round table on which were two candles in bright brass candlesticks. On a low seat the other side of the table, sat Jenny Brice, braiding straw.

Was Jenny Brice pretty? asks the youthful reader.

She was so constantly kind, affectionate and obedient, and so industrious and cheerful that there was no opportunity for an ugly expression to fix itself upon her countenance. Its winning

sweetness could not fail to please the beholder. It is true that her light hair did not curl in graceful ringlets, but it was kept combed and brushed neatly, and the forehead over which it was parted was smooth and fair. Her healthy red lips, too, when moved by a smile, disclosed a set of regular teeth, as pure and clean as the inside of a cocoanut.

“Grandma’,” said Jenny, “now please give me a Bible picture to guess.”

“Let me think a moment,” replied the grandmother, allowing her knitting to rest for a while—then resuming it, she said:—

Well: I see a fair and beautiful youth sitting beneath a wide-spreading tree which shelters him from the slanting rays of the rising sun. A shepherd’s crook and scrip (a small bag of provisions for the day,) lie beside him. In front of him the ground slopes gently to a wide green meadow, where a flock of sheep are feeding. Through this beautiful meadow winds a clear river, with water-loving flowers and drooping willows mirrored upon its smooth surface. In the distance, are high dark mountains with rough, broken passes between them.

Ah! the shepherd boy is playing on a simple instrument of music something like a flageolet. He lays it down upon the grass and looks earnestly upon the fresh green meadow dotted over with the white sheep. Now he lifts his glistening eyes to Heaven and laying his hand upon his heart, says :

“The Lord is *my* shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me by the still waters.”

“Oh grandma’, grandma’, I know—it was David!” exclaimed Jenny, “What a beautiful picture! Only think how that shepherd boy became a mighty king! Do you think, grandma’, he was as happy when he lived in his splendid palace as he was when he made that sweet psalm?”

“I do not think he was; but God called him from following the sheep to be a king, and although his taste and genius rendered a magnificent palace a fit habitation for him, I do not think he ever slept as sweetly there, as he did in the homely dwelling of his father, for

‘Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.’”

“I would not like to be a queen,” said Jenny, thoughtfully.

“If the good Providence of your Heavenly Father had called you to that estate, you would have been obliged to do your duty in it, as you now do in the humble condition which He has mercifully allotted to you. The trials of prosperity are often more difficult to endure with a Christian spirit than those of adversity.”

“Oh how thankful I ought to be! I have everything I want—excepting”—here Jenny stopt.

“What is the exception, my dear child?”

“I should like to buy poor Sallie a new bonnet,” replied Jenny, with some hesitation, “and you know, grandma’, I have not the money to spare. The braid that I am to sell will only buy a spring bonnet for myself, and pay for our next quarter’s sugar and tea.”

“Sallie is a careless, idle girl,” said Mrs. Brice, with some severity.

“But then she has no good grandmother as I have, to teach her to do right. I am sure I can’t help pitying her,” and the two bright tears that fell upon Jenny’s straw, were more

precious in the sight of angels than diamonds of Golconda.

“She deserves pity, poor thing,” replied Mrs. Brice, in a softened tone of voice. “What would you wish to do, my own Jenny?”

“I have been thinking that I could go without tea and sugar for the next three months, and then I could buy Sallie a bonnet.”

The old lady took off her spectacles and wiped them—they had suddenly grown dim—she wiped her eyes, too, for they were troubled for the moment with moisture.

Mrs. Brice did not praise Jenny for this act of self-denial, but simply said, “the money you earn is your own, do with it as you like; only I advise you to buy Sallie a plain sun-bonnet.”

“Thank you, thank you, grandma,” said Jenny, as her fingers flew more nimbly over the straw she was braiding.

When the tall clock struck nine, the work was laid aside, and Jenny spread the large Family Bible upon the table.

“You may read one of David’s Psalms to-night, Jenny; one which he probably wrote when he was a king—the forty-first psalm.

And Jenny read, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble," &c.

Then they knelt together, and the grandmother devoutly offered up the Evening Prayer. Sweet and refreshing was the sleep, that followed their peaceful, loving "good night."

CHAPTER V.

THE CHINA MILK JUG.

SALLIE never went to school on Saturday ; that was the day for " putting things to rights," according to Sallie's phraseology—the day for " redding up," as Mrs. Macer termed it.

Mrs. Macer's arm did not prove badly burnt, but it was a sufficient apology for lying all day on the sofa, and for reading another novel. When Sallie was ordered to go for it to the Circulating Library, a mile off, she said,

" What am I to do for a bonnet, marm ?"

" Put your apron over your head and run as fast as you can," replied Mrs. Macer, " but first climb up to the top of those shelves and hand me the large band-box there. I'll find you a

bonnet for to-morrow, though you don't deserve one."

Sallie, with the aid of two chairs, climbed to the top of the high shelves covered with the tattered crimson curtain, and on the topmost, seized hold of a dusty band-box. Down it tumbled to the floor, and out rolled china and glass-ware, artificial flowers, bonnet, &c., &c. Crash went cologne bottles and wine-glasses.

"Never was there so careless a hussey, on earth," exclaimed the angry *lady*, "out of my sight."

Sallie gladly obeyed; threw a dirty apron over her head, and ran off to the Circulating Library, with Harry Thomson and half a dozen other school-boys in full chase, crying,

"Poor Sallie! Poor Sallie! Where did you get your nice veil!"

Mrs. Macer found, on examination, that nothing had been broken but two cologne bottles, and three or four wine glasses.

"Not so bad after all!" she said to herself; "but Sallie shall wear this fright of a bonnet to pay for it." And Mrs. Macer shook the dust from an immense purple velvet bonnet, with

a forepiece like a huge coal-scuttle. Mrs. Macer laughed outright at the contrast between this once fashionable bonnet and the one she was now wearing, with scarcely any forepiece at all. To add to the ugliness of the purple velvet bonnet, there were several yellow stains upon it, and a bunch of forlorn artificial flowers on one side of the crown.

Mrs. Macer straitened out the crooked wire, and chuckled over the idea of how poor Sallie would look under that immense scoop. She then gathered up the contents of the band-box, and in spite of her burnt arm, replaced it on the topmost shelf.

When Sallie returned with the novel she was surprised to find Mrs. Macer in good humor. She made no allusion to the fall of the band-box, but seizing the book, was soon so entirely lost in its contents, as not to notice the stir that was going on in her best parlor.

Sallie, in order to "put things to rights," whirled everything out of place, in most marvellous confusion. The old Brussels carpet was ragged and dirty, and the broom being worn down to a stump, raised clouds of dust which

settled over the confused heaps of clothing, cooking utensils and furniture promiscuously heaped together. Mrs. Macer now and then coughed, as the dust found its way to her throat, but did not seem aware of the cause.

Sallie was very much given to speculation. "Where on earth does all this dirt come from?" thought she. "It does seem as if some spiteful being scattered it about this house, just to plague me. I do believe the house is haunted by a dirt-spirit."

After several hours of hard work, the various articles which had been turned out of their resting-places were restored in nearly the same condition that they were before, excepting that the dust from the carpet was now copiously sprinkled over them.

"Now I will dab up the hearth and scour the handirons with sand, and then we shall be all ready for Sunday," muttered Sallie to herself.

"Oh, yes; to-morrow is Sunday," said Mrs. Macer, catching the last word; "Sallie you may black my shoes, and darn my silk stockings, and wash out a collar and pair of cuffs,

and see that you starch and iron them nicely.”

Sallie.—Yes, marm; after dinner I can do those chores. It is dinner-time now.

Mrs. Macer.—I shall have dinner and tea together, to-day.

Sallie.—It is very well that you do, marm, for we haven't a mite of anything in the house but what is left from our breakfast.

Mrs. Macer.—I wish you would not interrupt me in the most interesting part of my book. Go on about your business, and when I have finished this horrible story, I will have my tea-dinner.

The poor girl was tired and hungry, she sighed heavily and went on with her work.

In about two hours after, Mrs. Macer, having finished the book, said she had a ravenous appetite and Sallie must run to the grocer's for two pounds of ham.

Sallie had not gone far when she came up with Jenny Brice, going the same way, and walking very slowly, with a china bowl in her hands.

Sallie.—How d'ye do, Jenny? What makes you creep along so?

Jenny.—I am afraid of spilling this hot gruel.

Sallie.—Hot gruel! Where are you going with your gruel, darling? And what have you got in that sweet little basket?

Jenny.—I am going to see poor Mrs. Malony. She is very ill.

Sallie.—And the little basket has in it something nice for Mrs. Malony.

Jenny.—Only two oranges and a few apples. Will you have one, Sallie. Help yourself, if you will, for I cannot let go the bowl.

Sallie.—Me! take an orange or an apple from a poor, sick woman! Why, Jenny Brice, do you take me for a glutton!

Jenny.—Oh, no, Sallie; indeed I do not; you are quite welcome to take one, if you will; grandma' has more laid by for the sick.

Sallie.—Mrs. Macer says your grandmother is a stingy woman; I don't believe a word of it.

Jenny.—Thank you for that, Sallie. My grandma' is industrious and economical; but she is generous, too. Every Saturday she lets

something to give away, though she is not rich.

Sallie.—Oh dear, dear, I wish I had a good grandmother. I haven't anybody in the world to love me, Jenny.

Here the roads they were going parted, and Sallie having lingered with Jenny, ran as fast as she could, to make up for lost time.

Jenny soon came to a miserable-looking shanty, with only one window in front, with old hats and rags in place of the broken window-panes, leaving but little space for the blessed light of heaven to penetrate into the abode of sickness and sorrow.

Jenny put down the china-bowl and gently tapped at the door.

A feeble voice said, "Come in."

As Jenny entered the shanty, the same feeble voice said, "And is it my blessed angel?" in a rich Irish brogue, which it would be impossible to imitate.

Jenny walked up to the low bed in one corner of the wretched apartment, and asked kindly, "How are you to-day, Mrs. Malony?"

Mrs. Malony.—Full of pains from the top-

most hair of my head, down to the very ends of my ten toes. Tossing to and fro all night, just as I did in the surf, Miss, when I came here from my own darling country.

Jenny.—Can you take some of grandma's gruel.

Mrs. Malony.—Oh yes, honey; it does me more good *nor* all the 'potecary stuff in the univarse.

Jenny now arranged the pillows for the sick woman, and fed her with the gruel. When she had taken it, Jenny sat down by the bedside, took a little Bible from her pocket, and read a part of the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke—the Parable of the Prodigal Son.

“Ah, my darling,” said Mrs. Malony, “you don't know what it is to be like that naughty boy who had to chew corn husks, with the pigs. What have you got in the little basket?”

Jenny took out the oranges and apples, and laid them on the bed within reach of Mrs. Malony.

“You are an angel, every bit an angel,” said she, eagerly seizing one of the oranges.

Jenny.—Don't say that, Mrs. Malony, we are

all like the prodigal son ; all have wandered from our Father in Heaven, and need forgiveness." Jenny sighed heavily. It was mournful to see the woman passing away from earth without hopes of a better world.

" Oh, you are so kind to me, and I have been a wicked body, a dreadful wicked body," said the woman, with some emotion. " Perhaps you would not be so kind to me, you sweet child, if you could know what a sinner I am."

Jenny.—That would not make me less kind to you, now. Grandma' says we must hate the sin and not the sinner. If you are truly sorry for your sins, God will forgive you for Christ's sake. You can pray to God for pardon, because Christ died to save sinners, even the chief of sinners.

Mrs. Malony.—Pray ! I never pray.

Jenny.—Why not, Mrs. Malony ?

Mrs. Malony.—Because I don't know how. I haven't seen the inside of a church since I was a little girl, and I have forgotten all the prayers.

Jenny.—But you can say, " God be merciful to me a sinner."

Mrs. Malony.—Yes, Miss, I can say so with my tongue, but somehow it won't come from the deep of my heart.

Jenny looked very sad, and rose to go.

“Stay a bit,” said the woman, “can't you just kneel down, and say your prayers, and I will try to keep along with you.”

“I can offer the prayer which our blessed Saviour taught his disciples,” said Jenny. And she knelt down and slowly and solemnly said the Lord's Prayer; the woman repeating it after her.

When Jenny rose from her knees, Mrs. Malony said, “Ah, that is the same beautiful prayer that I knew when I was a little child—it has come back to me now, and I shall say it over and over again, in the long, dark nights, when sleep never comes to my eyes. And that other bit of a prayer, what is it?”

Jenny.—God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake.

As Jenny was about to leave, Mrs. Malony groaned aloud—“Oh, do, do come often and talk to me about these things, for it may be—it may be—that Death”—she could say no more

—she had never before spoken of the probability that this sickness would be her last.

Jenny trembled and turned pale, but she said kindly, “I will come, and I will ask our clergyman to come and pray with you.”

Jenny left, followed by an earnest “God bless you, darling,” from the miserable woman.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PURPLE VELVET BONNET.

MRS. MACER always made great preparations for going to church. Not by reading, prayer and meditation at home, that she might profit by public worship; oh, no; her preparations were of an entirely different character; they were outside preparations.

Though full forty years of age, she dressed like a silly girl of sixteen, whose only care is to load on as many gay things as possible. She stood before the broken looking-glass for a full hour, curling her false hair, and dressing it in a way which she alone of all the world, considered becoming. Then she put on her china-pink bonnet with its three black feathers outside, and its yellow artificial flowers inside, and then she tossed her head this way, and the

feathers waved, and that way, and the feathers waved again, to her entire satisfaction. Had any one asked Mrs. Macer, at that moment, what she thought the most important thing in the world, she might have answered with truth,—"a bonnet."

Being fully equipped in her red changeable silk, with her blue cloak thrown over it, she took her lilac sunshade in her hand, and, bearing a striking resemblance to a walking rainbow, *tipped* along to the door. Just then she remembered that Sallie must go to church, too. She stepped back and said, "Get ready quick, or you will be late."

Sallie.—What am I to do for a bonnet?

Mrs. M.—There's your bonnet, I laid it out last night, after you were in bed.

Sallie looked where Mrs. Macer pointed, and saw only an old shawl—but under it was the huge bonnet.

Mrs. Macer.—Put it on quick.

Sallie.—But I have no clean frock.

Mrs. Macer.—Never mind, take off your dirty apron, and put on that shawl, it will cover you up. Besides, you sit in the gallery.

and nobody will see you. There goes the bell. Come along.

Mrs. Macer did not listen to Sallie's entreaty. "Please, marm, don't make me wear that corn-fan on my head; the boys will all laugh at me!"—she only hurried her the more, got her out of the house, and locked the door.

Poor Sallie lagged behind, holding down her head, while hot tears ran over her cheeks. She had learned of her mistress to consider a bonnet a very important concern.

When she came to the church steps, she found them filled, as is usual in country churches, by a crowd of young men and boys, who wait there to gaze at the people, as they go in, and make remarks on them.

Harry Thomson whispered to one of his companions, "there comes poor Sallie with a canoe on her head."

There was a general laugh at Sallie's expense, as she flew up the steps; her appearance was ridiculous, but not so much so in reality as that of Mrs. Macer, who had just preceded her, with tossing head and affected, mincing gait, yet even the place and the day could scarcely

keep the boys from hooting at Sallie, though they made their best bows to her mistress.

It is doubtful which heard the most of the services of that holy day, the mistress in the middle-aisle pew, or poor Sallie in a remote corner of the gallery.

The lady sat among the rich and respectable, noticing their dress and manner; especially did she scrutinize a family in the next pew, who had lately come to Snowton to reside, and now appeared in church for the first time.

Sallie crept into a corner of the gallery, bearing her pent-house of a bonnet on her head, as a snail does his house, but not with the same satisfaction. Her tormentors, the boys, had taken a seat near her, and their whispering and giggling reached her ears. But Sallie did not sit long alone. A harmless, half-crazed woman, known to all the villagers as "silly Poll," came and sat beside her. Fixing her great lack-lustre eyes upon Sallie, she whispered, "What a nation pretty bonnet you've got on to-day—it must have taken a power of cloth to make it."

“Be still, Poll, don’t you know you are in church,” said Sallie, beseechingly.

“I have been there, and still would go;
’Tis like a little heaven below,”

repeated Poll, whose bewildered brain was full of odds and ends of poetry.

Sallie sat trembling with fear, expecting every moment Poll would speak out and startle the congregation. For awhile she sat quiet; then she stood up on the bench and stretched her long neck so as to look over the gallery into the body of the church; catching sight of Mrs. Macer she settled herself down again, and in a loud whisper, which sounded along the gallery, said :

“Many men of many minds,
Many birds of many kinds.”

“The parrot below is finer than the poor gosling above.”

Harry Thomson and his companions giggled so loudly that the sexton came to them and shaking his fist, threateningly, sat down in the pew behind them. This did not prevent their

laughter ; they shook as though they were seized with ague fits.

“ What ails you, Harry Thomson,” he said, laying his hand on the boy’s shoulders. Harry pointed toward Poll Dobson.

There sat the half-witted woman, pinning a piece of red flannel to the crown of Sallie’s bonnet, which she had already ornamented with a long streamer of yellow quality-binding. The sexton immediately went to Poll, and gently led her out of church.

Sallie, who had been sitting with her face covered with both hands, was greatly relieved, and totally unconscious that she had been rendered more ridiculous through Poll’s mischief.

When church was over, Sallie waited till she thought the people had all gone, but when she got down the gallery-stairs, there, on the front steps, were her persecutors, the boys, waiting to see her go out. Sallie drew back, and stood upon the stairs, weeping vehemently.

At this moment, Jenny Brice, who had waited to speak to the clergyman about Mrs. Malony, saw Sallie, and was at first ready to smile at the strange apparition, but overcoming

this temptation, she said, very kindly, "What ails you, Sallie?"

"I am afraid to go out of church, because the boys laugh so, at this awful bonnet."

"Don't be frightened, Sallie, the bonnet wouldn't be so awful without the red and yellow trimming."

"Red and yellow trimming! pray take it off." Jenny unpinned the trappings with which Poll had adorned Sallie, and then taking her arm, said, "Come, don't be afraid; I will walk home with you."

"Jenny Brice, you are the best girl that ever lived on earth—I don't see how you can have so little pride, when you are so nice and pretty."

Jenny.—Don't say that, didn't you hear what our good pastor said to-day, about humility?

Sallie.—No; I did not hear one word of the sermon. I hope Mrs. Macer did, though, for she ought to take it soundly.

"We should all hear for ourselves," said Jenny, as she was passing the boys on the steps, who were amazed and silenced, by seeing

“sweet Jenny Brice” walking arm and arm with “poor Sallie.”

“I understand this,” said Harry Thomson ;
“Jenny Brice is practising on the preaching.”

CHAPTER VII.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

“Not go to school, Sallie! the very day of all others when I can best spare you.”

It was Monday morning; Poll Dobson's washing-day for Mrs. Macer; that silly person was standing by the back door, with her head poked in, to see what was going on.

“I don't wish to go to school any more,” said Sallie, dreading to encounter the ridicule of the boys.

“You can't say you have no bonnet to wear, for I gave you one yesterday,” said Mrs. Macer.

“There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, little maid, &c. ;

“The least said, is the soonest amended-ded-ded,” repeated Poll, with a low chuckling sound, meant for a laugh.

“Hush your nonsense, and mind your own business, Poll. Go to school this instant, Sallie; you never refused to obey me before, you impudent thing.”

Sallie threw her apron over her head, ran out of the house, and stopped not, even to take breath, till she reached the school-house.

“Ho! Here’s Madam Blazeaway!” said Harry Thomson—“Where’s your gunboat?”

Just then a handsome carriage, drawn by two iron-grey horses, stopped before the school-house door. A gentleman in a blue coat and buff vest alighted, and handed out a fat, clumsy girl, about thirteen years old.

The master, Mr. Hollister, came to the door to receive the strangers. The gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. Newton, had come into possession of Fairbank, a beautiful residence near the village of Snowton. “This is my niece, Evelina Anderson,” said Mr. Newton, “I understand the district school is an excellent one, and, indeed, the only one in this part

of the country; and I have brought my niece to place her under your instruction. I am sorry to say you will find her rather backward; her early education has been much neglected."

Mr. Hollister cast his eye upon the very elegantly-dressed young miss, and then upon Sallie, who stood, bareheaded and nearly barefooted by the door, and he said, "You are aware, sir, that this is a *common* school, and within the precincts over which I rule, there is no superiority, excepting what is fairly earned by good behavior and good scholarship. I shall endeavor to do my duty by your niece. It is time for my school to open. Good morning, sir."

"An independent fellow, this," thought Mr. Newton, as he stepped into his carriage, "but I like him."

Mr. Hollister showed the new scholar to a seat, placing her beside Jenny Brice. As he did so, he said:

"Jenny, this is Evelina Anderson; I know you will do everything in your power to make our school pleasant and profitable to her."

Jenny reddened at this compliment from her teacher, and smiled kindly on the new scholar.

It was the custom at the Snowton school, for the children to bring their dinners, and have a short intermission. The master dined at a house in the neighborhood.

Evelina opened her well-filled dinner-basket, and devoured its contents with great relish. As she did so she made various enquiries about the scholars.

Evelina.—Who is that distressed looking girl sitting alone in the corner?

Jenny.—She goes by the name of “poor Sallie.”

Evelina.—Where does she live?

Jenny.—With Mrs. Macer, a lady who resides in the main street of our village.

Evelina.—Don’t the lady give her any dinner? she looks half-starved.

Sallie was slenderly formed, with uncommonly small hands and feet, and was now more than usually pale.

Jenny.—I am afraid poor Sallie is often hungry. As she said this, she slid a piece of bread and butter and an apple under her apron,

from her own dinner-basket, and went across the room to Sallie. She sat down by her, and entreated her to take what she had brought.

Meantime, Evelina Anderson, not liking to be left alone, followed Jenny, and found her whispering to Sallie.

“Come back to your seat, Miss Jenny Brice, it is not polite to leave me alone,” said the stranger.

“I’ll come in a minute,” replied Jenny, “but I have a few more words to say to Sallie.”

“You need not mind that dirty girl,” whispered Evelina, so loud that Sallie could not help hearing; “I shouldn’t think you would speak to *her*!”

Sallie hid her face and cried bitterly.

“Can’t you give me an apple, too?” continued Evelina.

Jenny.—I am sorry I haven’t another for you.

Sallie.—Take this, miss; I don’t want it.

And Evelina *took it*—took the apple from poor Sallie, who had had no dinner.

Jenny.—Don’t cry, Sallie; I will walk home

with you after school ; and then I will tell you what I was going to, just now.

Then turning to Evelina, and walking with her to her seat, she said, by way of apology for Sallie's untidy appearance, " Sallie did not purpose to come to school this morning ; she left home in a great hurry, and looks worse than usual. You will be surprised to find what a good scholar she is. Mr. Hollister says she is one of the smartest girls to learn, that he ever had in school."

" But I should think it an awful disgrace to walk in the street with her, as you promised to," said Evelina Anderson, as she munched the apple the poor girl had given her.

" No disgrace for me," replied Jenny, " for I am not rich ; besides, Sallie is so generous and kind, that I really love her."

" Love her, indeed ! I don't see how anybody can love such a poor, dirty girl."

Evelina Anderson *loved* apples.

By this time the master had returned, and conversation was at an end.

It was true that Sallie was a bright scholar, and, although her advantages for education

had been few, yet she was able to keep up in the classes with the girls of her own age, and the master, who encouraged merit wherever he found it, was pleased to cultivate her bright mind.

When school was over, Mr. Newton's carriage was waiting at the door, for Evelina Anderson. The school-children stood looking at it, with eyes, and mouths, too, wide open.

"Come, Jenny Brice, get in and ride home with me; I want to see where you live," said Evelina.

"I thank you," said Jenny, "you remember, I promised to walk home with Sallie."

"Never mind that, you can walk home with her, any time, and you can't always ride with *me*, by a great deal."

Jenny.—I have promised, you know, I can't break my word."

"Jump in, jump in, Jenny," said Harry Thomson, "I dare say you never was in a close carriage in your life, and, perhaps, you'll never have another chance."

Jenny shook her head and ran back into the school-room to Sallie, while the carriage rolled off.

The poor girl was waiting till the other children should be out of the way.

“Sallie, I observed this morning that you came to school without any bonnet,” said the master, “you must not do it again; I am sorry you are so careless.”

“She couldn’t help it, sir,” said Jenny, “she has a great many troubles that she can’t mention. Here Sallie, take my bonnet, and I will wear my green veil over my head.”

“No; no; I will not do that, Jenny; I do not care how I look. If you go with me, the boys will not throw mud at me.”

“Throw mud at you! Let me catch them, and I will punish them severely;” said the master, as he turned the key of the school-house door.

Jenny threw the green veil over Sallie’s head, and they walked off together, arm in arm, while Mr. Hollister’s eye followed them with pride, as he thought, “There go two of my best scholars, my very best; what a pity it is that poor Sallie is an orphan; yet so it has been ordered by Providence, for wise and be-

nevolent purposes, which we know not now, but may know hereafter.”

When the girls arrived at the old elm, where the deserted bird's nest was still hanging, Jenny said “Come in, Sallie, grandma' wants to see you.”

Jenny opened the gate, but Sallie hung back, saying, “I am afraid of your grandmother.”

Jenny.—How strange, Sallie! why should you be afraid of her? You wouldn't be if you had ever seen her, she is so good and kind.

Sallie.—But then she is so neat and particular, I am afraid she will scold at me.

Jenny.—No, she will not; I have told her all about your misfortunes, and she pities you.”

Sallie.—Well, then, I will come in; and if she gives me a scolding, I will not be mad, one bit, for your sake, my own pretty Jenny.

Sallie threw the green veil over a rose-bush in the yard, and went in after Jenny.

The poor girl's wiry hair had not that day felt the touch of brush or comb; it was frizzled and tangled, for it was its nature to curl, and required much care to keep it in order. The salt tears that had streamed over her cheeks

were the only water that had touched them that day, and they had left streaks which were still visible. Her small hands were red and soiled, and *ornamented* with ten black nails.

And thus stood Sallie, ragged and dirty, before the dreaded Mrs. Brice; there she stood, slender and erect, with downcast eyes, blushing face, and lips slightly pouting, displaying to the keen eye of Mrs. Brice, extreme mortification, mingled with fear.

“Make a curtesy to grandma’,” whispered Jenny, who stood beside her humble friend.

Sallie made a sudden little jerk downward, of about two inches, and rose bolt upright in a twinkling; Jenny could scarcely keep from laughing at this curtesy, but her habitual good manners overcame the temptation.

“Sallie, I have so frequently heard Jenny speak of you, that I wished to see you. I am sorry you were so careless with your bonnet. Jenny has bought you the materials for another, and I have made it, to-day. I hope you will take better care of this, than you did of the other.”

Mrs. Brice then handed Sallie a neat sun-bonnet, made of blue gingham.

“Thank you, marm,” said Sallie, without reaching out her hand, “I don’t like to take it, when I have never done anything for you.”

“It is Jenny’s gift,” said Mrs. Brice, quite surprised, “and although you have not yet found an opportunity to do anything for me, the time may come; they who wish to do good to others, seldom fail to find opportunities. You are perfectly welcome to the bonnet; you may go now.”

Sallie put on the bonnet, made another quick little curtesy, and was out of the house in a minute. Jenny followed.

“She is a dear old lady,” said Sallie, “how kind to make this bonnet for me! I never remember to have had an entirely new bonnet before. And you, Jenny, to buy the pretty blue gingham! What a comfort it is, that there are some good folks left in this hard world!”

“Remember what grandma’ told you about being careful,” said Jenny, as Sallie went out the gate.

“Certainly, I will; how can I help it?”

Jenny now spied the green veil on the rose-bush. She tried to pull it off; but the thorns held it tightly, and it was some time before she could get it free; with all the care she could take there were several rents in it. “I do wish my dear grandma’ had brought up poor Sallie,” thought Jenny.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FRENCH BAKER.

WHEN Sallie reached home, Mrs. Macer was in fine spirits. She had received her half yearly allowance, and one hundred dollars besides, which had been unexpectedly paid by an old debtor of her deceased husband. Mrs. Macer was the widow of an army officer, living on a small pension. She had left the town where she belonged, because she was deeply in debt, and had come to Snowton, for the sake of economy.

Mrs. Macer was so much exhilarated by her unexpected "good luck," as she termed it, as to have quite forgotten her anger with Sallie.

She had been around and paid her debts in Snowton, and had fifty dollars to spare, for the next half year—an uncommon thing for her;

for, notwithstanding the necessity for economy, she was still extravagant.

“Go over to the French baker’s, Sallie,” said Mrs. Macer, “and pay for the trifle you bought there. Tell him I will *patronize* him, and open an account.”

Sallie ran across the street, delighted with the opportunity to get back her beloved ring.

Sallie.—Here’s the money for the bread and cakes ; I want my ring.

The baker took the money, looked in a drawer under the counter, and shook his head till the paper-cap rattled.

Sallie.—Please give me my ring.

Frenchman.—Your ring ; oui, mais, I forgets vere I puts him. I got hurries now ; I finds him noder time.

“Oh, I must have it now ; I must, I must,” said Sallie, entreatingly.

“No such ting—I got hurries—go, go.”

But still Sallie continued, beseechingly, “Please, let me have it.”

“Vell, I vill ; noder time—I neber steals nor sheats—go, now.”

“But Mrs. Macer wants to open an account with you.”

“Vell; I try her one mont, and den she must payez me. Run now, vast, vast.”

Sallie went home sorrowful. As she crossed the street she met Poll Dobson, going from her day's work.

The crazed creature pointed at the new gingham bonnet, and said,

“When I was a little girl, I had but little wit,
It's a long time ago, and I have no more yit,
Nor ever, ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I;”

Take care, Sallie, you don't have to say that from your own experience.”

Sallie did not answer, but she thought, “Poll is more than half a witch; she always hits me in a tender spot, and I do believe knows what I am thinking about. It is awful to feel that an evil spirit helps her.” And Sallie looked over her shoulder as though some unearthly thing were following her, while Poll walked off, nodding her silly head, saying:

“Hoity, toity! Hoity, toity! Not so smart, after all, poor Sallie, as you was yesterday.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE BLUE GINGHAM BONNET.

THE next morning, Sallie made herself as neat as she could, before going to school, and put on with great pleasure, the blue gingham sun-bonnet.

“Why, where in the name of wonder did you get that new bonnet?” exclaimed Mrs. Macer.

Sallie.—Mrs. Brice made it for me.

Mrs. M.—Have you been complaining to that stingy old woman?

Sallie.—No, marm; I never saw her till last evening.

Mrs. M.—I have a great mind to send it back. What right has she to be giving things to my servant! I will show her that I don't

need her charity. She thinks herself mighty generous, no doubt. Go to school. I wish I hadn't agreed to send you to school, though, for its a constant botheration. Anyhow, you've only a few quarters more to go, and you may as well make the best of them."

Sallie stepped out the door with her left foot first; she was going back to try and put her right foot over the threshold first, but just then she saw Jenny Brice with a large parcel under her arm.

"Where are you going, Jenny?" said Sallie, "let me carry that big bundle for you."

Jenny.—Bridget Malony is dead, and I am going to carry the grave-clothes to lay her out in.

Sallie.—Grave clothes! Oh Jenny, I wouldn't touch them for the world. I knew some bad luck was coming when I stepped my left foot out the door this morning.

Jenny.—But it is no misfortune to you, Sallie, that Bridget Malony is released from pain and suffering.

Sallie.—Coming so near grave-clothes is bad luck. I should expect, if I touched them, to

see Mrs. Malony's ghost every night of my life.

Jenny.—Oh Sallie, you who are so generous, would not refuse to carry the clothes for a poor dead woman to be laid out in! Good morning. I shall not be at school, to-day; for I am to sit by the corpse till the women come to put on these grave-clothes.

Jenny hastened onward, while Sallie stood for some time, stock still, looking after her; then she slowly turned and walked towards school, saying to herself:

“Sit by a corpse! I shan't feel like coming near Jenny Brice for a month to come. What a strange girl she is! She isn't afraid of any thing under the sun. Can it be because she is so good? I wish I was like her.”

When Jenny reached the miserable shanty where Bridget Malony had lived, she knocked at the door, but no one bade her enter. She softly opened it. All was silent within. Jenny walked lightly up to the bed; there lay the remains of the woman, stretched on a board, and covered with a sheet. Over the face was a thin muslin handkerchief. Jenny had

never before seen the mortal remains of a human being, after the departure of the spirit. With solemn awe she lifted the light covering, and looked on the countenance, so fixed and rigid, and yet so calm and peaceful. No traces of anguish were there. Jenny laid her hand on the forehead. It was icy cold; she shrank back with an involuntary shudder, and replaced the handkerchief over the face. Then she laid the grave-clothes on the bed, and seated herself on the other side of the room to wait for the women, who had promised to perform the last kind offices for their poor neighbor.

Soon after, the clergyman came in with them, and having given some directions about the funeral, he took Jenny by the hand, and walked away.

He told Jenny of his visit to Mrs. Malony on Sunday. "She had learned to pray," said he, "not only to use the words you taught her, Jenny, but to plead for pardon in the most earnest and heart-thrilling manner. She died, at last, after severe struggles, both of body and soul, with the prayer on her lips, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' My dear child," con-

tinued the good man, "you will meet with many discouragements in your efforts to do good, but remember poor Bridget Malony with gratitude, and take heart; for God will bestow his blessing on your pious endeavors."

CHAPTER X.

EVELINA ANDERSON.

AGAIN it was Saturday, and Sallie was hard at work, while the usual preparations for Sunday were going on at Mrs. Macer's. That lady had determined to show off her generosity, to mortify Mrs. Brice for daring to bestow a gift on poor Sallie.

A new bonnet had come from the milliner's—a bright pink silk, with coarse artificial flowers on the outside—a flaunting head-dress, unsuitable for Sallie, or for any one else.

Mrs. Macer was herself trying on a new spring bonnet, before the looking-glass. “What sort of a young lady is Miss Evelina Anderson, Sallie?” asked she.

Sallie.—She is about as old as I am, I suppose.

Mrs. M.—How does she dress? How does she look? How does she act?

Sallie.—She dresses in fine clothes; she looks very proud, and she acts like a hungry school-girl.

Mrs. Macer.—You are saucy, Sallie; answer me as you ought. Is she handsome?

Sallie.—She don't look as pretty as sweet Jenny Brice.

Mrs. M.—Jenny Brice! nothing but Jenny Brice! You think that girl is an angel without wings.

Sallie.—I am sure I am very glad she hasn't any wings, for I couldn't bear to have her fly to heaven, where she more naturally belongs, than to this naughty world.

Mrs. Macer.—Do you know her grandmother is poor, proud, and stingy?

Sallie started up from the hearth she had been scouring, flourished the old scrubbing-brush in her hand, and said, very emphatically:

“Mrs. Brice pays for everything she buys, and is not so poor but what she always has something to give to folks who are poorer than herself; and she *does* give; therefore she isn't

stingy. If the good lady is proud herself, she teach Jenny to be so; she let her walk with me from school, though the other children will not go a step with me because everybody calls me "poor Sallie."

Mrs. Macer was silenced.

After a while she resumed: "Was the elderly lady at church, the wife of Mr. Newton?"

Sallie.—I never asked the question.

Mrs. M.—I thought you might have heard Miss Evelina speak of her. I am going to pay a visit at Fairbank, this morning. Where's my gold pencil? Sallie, find my pencil and a card, and my card-case.

Mrs. Macer wrote her name on a soiled embossed card—"Mrs. Lieutenant Macer." Then she sailed out of the house with a grand air, to call on the Newtons.

Sallie went on with her work, and amused herself, meantime, with talking aloud. "I wish I was a fly, for flies don't wear bonnets. No; I don't wish I was a fly, either, because nobody loves flies; but I do really wish I was a bird, and then I should always be dressed up, clean and nice, and my clothes would be

just like other birds, and then other birds would not laugh at me. And then I could sit on the trees all day long, by the pretty brook, and sing or fly about in the beautiful sky, and sweep along over the ground. Wouldn't it be charming! But then bad boys would throw stones at me! yes, maybe they would kill me. Oh, dear! I don't want to be a bird; I would rather be obliged to wear a bonnet. I cannot see why a bonnet is a thing of such mighty importance. What difference does it really make whether I put one covering on my head, or another?—whether it was this tin-pan, for instance, or that new pink bonnet; they both would only keep the sun and rain off. This is a queer world; people think more of what is outside the head, than of all the knowledge there is inside of it. Dear me! I wish I was an angel; for then the boys, those everlasting plagues, wouldn't throw stones at me, and I shouldn't have to wear a bonnet."

CHAPTER XI.

FAIRBANK.

A BEAUTIFUL avenue of horse-chestnuts and elms led up to the spacious white house at Fairbank. The chestnut trees had already sent out their glossy messenger-buds, which a few more genial smiles of the sun would expand into tender leaves ; the elms were covered with dark, reddish flowers. Mrs. Macer, however, did not look up to observe the beautiful blue sky through the brown net-work of the overhanging branches, but walked onward, her thoughts of the earth earthy, and her eyes fixed upon the large house.

There was something in the appearance of the lady at church that led Mrs. Macer to

doubt if she were the wife of Mr. Newton ; and, therefore, she asked for "the ladies," and handed her card.

The black waiter showed her into a splendidly-furnished parlor, and left her to survey it at her leisure.

In about half an hour the lady she had seen at church, a tall, perpendicular figure, moved into the room, as if afraid of pressing down the rich carpet, and coming in front of Mrs. Macer wheeled round and looked sharply at her, through a pair of large round spectacles.

Mrs. Macer rose and curtesied.

"What do you please to want, Mrs. What-ye-call-ye? I can't read the name on this 'ere *ticket*," said the stranger, holding the card out to Mrs. Macer.

"Mrs. Lieutenant Macer," said that lady, with offended dignity.

"Massy on us! I never hearn tell of a woman's being a lieutenant before. I shall expect to hear of their being stage-drivers before long. Well; what do you please to want, Mrs. Lieutenant?"

"I reside in the village, and came to call on

the ladies at Fairbank," replied Mrs Macer, coloring with vexation.

"Our Eveliny has gone to school, and I don't go into the vanities and follies of worldly people."

Mrs. Macer was puzzled to know who this singular person could be, but from her saying *our* Evelina, she judged it must be Mrs. Newton, and replied, "I am sorry, Mrs. Newton, that you do not visit; I will bid you good morning."

"Mrs. Newton! Massy on us! Timothy Newton is my first cousin by the mother's side. I never got into such a scrape as marrying, and never expect to. You have brought some mud in, on this nice carpet, marm; wasn't there a mat at the door?"

Mrs. Macer sailed out of the room with a magnificent air, designed to astonish the singular person. Before she was fairly out of the house she heard the cracked voice calling to the waiter, "Tom, bring a brush and dust-pan, here's a peck of dirt on the carpet."

As Mrs. Macer hastened down the lawn, the tall woman looked out the window, and said,

“Massyful patience! I wonder if we’ve got to be pestered here, with them Vanity Fair madams, tramping in at all times. It does seem to me, that highflyer, though she calls herself a Lieutenant, must be a widow; and who knows but she may be setting her cap for our Timothy!”

Mr. Newton had been for many years a sea-captain, and had passed much of his life in foreign countries. By the death of a distant relation, he was left heir to a large fortune, of which Fairbank was a portion. He returned to his own country with reluctance, having never visited it since the death of his wife and only child. The news of this sad event reached him in a distant land, eight or ten years before the time of his coming to live at Fairbank.

It was some consolation to the lonely man that his present residence was at a distance from the home associated with his departed wife and child. He sought out his cousin, Miss Almira Cuffman, for his housekeeper, and anxious to do good to the few relations he had in the world, adopted another cousin, farther

removed, for his daughter. Miss Mira, as she was called, was highly delighted to be placed at the head of Mr. Newton's house, but she did not bear the honor meekly, when Mr. Newton adopted Evelina Anderson, and called her his niece.

“Niece! Fourteenth cousin,” she said; “to be the lady of the house, I suppose. Well, I'll try and hold my own in spite of her.”

Evelina was proud of her sudden elevation from comparative poverty, and inclined to domineer over everybody who came within her reach.

Mr. Newton allowed Miss Mira to manage everything pertaining to her department in her own way, but would not allow her to interfere with Evelina. She must do as she pleased uncontrolled by any one but himself; and he resolved to exercise authority over her in the mildest possible manner, hoping to win her gratitude and affection.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PINK SILK BONNET.

THE next day after the call at Fairbank, was Sunday.

On coming out of church, Mrs. Macer resolved to renew her acquaintance with the queer lady, who had received her so ungraciously. But Miss Mira raised a large feather fan as a shield, before her face, to keep off the salutation of Mrs. Lieutenant, and marched by her with a stately step, as she stood waiting at the church-door, ready to make her most flourishing curtesy. Mr. Newton, however, made a polite bow to Mrs. Macer, and that atoned for the "cut" she had received from the strange lady.

Mr. Newton's carriage was waiting at the

door. Sallie, who had come down from her seat in the gallery, stood upon the steps, with several other children, gazing at "the Fairbank family." Poor Sallie wore the gay, pink bonnet, bedizened with artificial flowers, which was in striking contrast with her faded red merino dress and dirty white shawl. The old slipshod shoes of Mrs. Macer, she had much trouble to keep on, and the open-work stockings had many larger holes than were woven in them. In short, poor Sallie's appearance was comical, and yet sad, to any one of kind feelings. Mr. Newton saw the forlorn girl, and pitied her. Even after he had taken his seat in the carriage, and it was slowly rolling away from the church-door, he leaned out of the window and looked after her.

"Evelina, do you know who that girl is, in the pink bonnet?" he enquired.

Evelina.—Yes, I do; she is, I believe, a servant-girl; at any rate, she lives with that Mrs. Macer, the ridiculous Mrs. Macer, who came to pay us a visit, yesterday. Isn't poor Sallie a fright to behold?

Mr. Newton.—The girl has a fine face. Mrs.

Macer, if that is the gay lady's name, dresses her poor young handmaiden in a shabby, unsuitable manner.

Evelina.—That pink bonnet was enough to kill a body ; I liked to have tittered out, when I saw those artificial flowers. Why, uncle, you ought to see poor Sallie as she comes to school—so dirty and ragged, that you would take her for a beggar-girl. I wish Mr. Hollister would turn her out of school. Isn't it disgraceful for a young lady to be in the same class with such a girl ?

Mr. Newton.—What is the poor girl's name ?

Evelina.—She is always called poor Sallie. I don't think she has any other name. Jenny Brice is the only girl in school who will walk in the street with the half-starved, filthy thing.

Mr. Newton.—Evelina, my dear niece ! do not use such a word as *filthy* !

Miss Almira.—Eveliny often uses very *improper* words. If you would know my opinion, Cousin Timothy, that Mrs. Lieutenant Somebody, is just the miserablest hand to bring up a girl, that ever was seen on 'arth. Even your *pompostorous* airs, Evelina, can't come up to

hers. She puts *prantastical* notions into the girl's head, and will make her a complete *pop-erjay*.

Here Evelina burst into a fit of laughter, which highly offended Miss Mira.

Miss Almira.—You needn't laugh at me, Miss, nor at that poor girl, neither; where would you have been, now, if our Timothy hadn't picked you up, out of sheer charity!

Mr. Newton.—Mira, this is not suitable conversation for Sunday. I must repeat my request, that you will never allude to anything concerning Evelina's former condition. Remember, she is my adopted child.

Miss Mira was highly incensed, and though she did not speak, she looked daggers at Evelina, who returned them with scornful glances, and audible sneers.

'The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Newton said to Evelina, "It is a fine, pleasant day, I will walk with you to school. I see the crocuses are showing their heads above the ground, and the grass looks soft and green."

Evelina.—I don't care for crocuses and grass, uncle. I prefer the carriage.

Mr. Newton.—Would you prefer going in the carriage alone, to having my company? I am sorry for that.

Evelina.—It is a long walk.

Mr. Newton.—Exercise in the fresh morning air, will benefit your health. We will start early and take the walk leisurely. I see you have finished your breakfast; you may get ready for school, immediately; and I will have the pleasure of carrying my young lady's books and dinner-basket.

Evelina left the room, pouting and jerking her fat shoulders up and down; a way she had of expressing dislike, when afraid to speak out.

Mr. Newton brought in Evelina's pretty willow-basket, and, standing by the table, began arranging it from the remains of the bountiful breakfast.

Miss Mira, who was washing up the breakfast things, exclaimed:

“What a 'normous dinner! Why, Timothy, you are putting up enough for a dozen school-children. Eveliny is a monstrous feeder, but

she can't stuff down all the provisions you've put up. I declare, you'll make her as *gluttonous* as your fat dog, who can do nothing on 'arth but waddle from his kennel to his feeding-place."

Mr. Newton.—Poor Frisk is old; when young, he was one of the liveliest dogs you ever saw. He would amuse our dear little baby by the hour together; they were inseparable.

Mr. Newton sighed heavily, as he looked up at the full-length portrait of a lady, with a child sitting on a cushion at her feet, playing with a dog. The picture hung over the mantel-piece, and had been painted by an artist in Italy, from a miniature of Mr. Newton's wife and child, which that gentleman valued as his greatest earthly treasure.

The dog had been painted from life; and, indeed, nothing on canvas could be more life-like than the whole picture.

When Evelina came back, prepared for school, she was still in a pouting humor.

Mr. Newton appeared not to notice it, but taking the dinner-basket in his hand, and the

books under one arm, he offered the other to Evelina, and bidding Miss Mira "good morning," walked out of the house.

The fresh grass of the lawn sparkled with the clear diamond drops, which a gentle shower had bestowed during the night, and a few bright clouds were still sweeping over the deep azure of a March sky. The purple and yellow crocuses had started from their wintry sleep, into new and beautiful life; the sweet, white violets perfumed the air; blue-birds were chanting their cheerful songs from every tree, and a solitary robin was trilling out the joyful news, that charming Spring had really come, in spite of the snow which still lingered on the tops of the distant mountains.

"This is a glorious morning for a walk," said Mr. Newton, in a more cheerful voice than usual. Mr. Newton was habitually sad, but not gloomy. "One of the poets writes something about the larch, or some other tree, that had 'hung out its tassels,' in early spring. Look up, Evelina; just see those light tassels, hanging all over that tree—a botanist would

call them catkins; but, I presume, a young lady would prefer the poet's term—'tassels.' ”

“ I don't care what you call them, they are ugly, worm-looking things, any way, and the wind blows awfully.”

“ Not awfully, Evelina! It is a brisk wind; a fine nor'-wester. It is in our favor,—a fair wind, all the way to school.”

The conversation was interrupted by Frisk, who had waddled down the lawn.

“ Poor fellow,” said Mr. Newton, patting the brown and white dog. “ Go back home; we can't have your company, to day.”

Frisk licked his master's hand, and then turned and walked slowly back to his kennel.

Evelina.—Why don't you buy a new, handsome dog, uncle? I wouldn't have that ugly animal about the place, if I were you.”

Mr. Newton.—“ Love me, love my dog,” is a good proverb, Evelina. Pray, do not despise my poor Frisk; he is more to me than all the other dogs in the world.

Evelina made no reply; she cordially hated Frisk.

They had not walked far, before Evelina ex-

claimed, "I declare! There is Jenny Brice running after a cow; I did not think she was such a romp." She then called, "Jenny, Jenny; stop a minute."

Without turning her head, Jenny said, "Is that you, Sallie? I can't stop, for I am driving Mr. Doole's cow home; the foolish thing ran away from her poor blind master, who, you know, cannot tell one cow from another, till he is near enough to put his hand on the horns."

Mr. Newton and Evelina quickened their steps, and joined Jenny.

"Driving Mr. Doole's cow!" exclaimed Evelina, contemptuously; "What an employment for a young lady!"

Jenny perceiving her mistake, bowed gracefully, because naturally, and with entire self-possession, to Mr. Newton, and replied to Evelina: "I am not a young lady, Miss Evelina; I am a plain, country girl. I am driving Mr. Doole's cow home, because he is a poor neighbor of ours, who depends much upon this cow for support, and as he is nearly blind, he cannot find her himself."

Evelina.—But don't you find it very disagreeable?

Jenny.—Not at all. I have had fine sport running over the fields, this morning. See what beautiful mosses and bright berries I have found in the woods.

And Jenny spread out her apron, the corners of which she had held together with one hand, while, with the other, she held a long branch of green willow.

Evelina Anderson tossed her head with supreme contempt at her mosses and berries; but Mr. Newton said, "How very beautiful they are; the berries are brighter than coral, and the mosses are more fresh and green than usual;—and there is a curious brown moss, with little caps, like extinguishers."

"I am afraid we shall be late," said Evelina, hurrying forward.

But Mr. Newton continued to walk beside Jenny, saying he would help her drive the cow. "You have chosen a whip," said he, "that will not hurt the creature. That willow is more graceful than useful."

"Isn't it pretty?" replied Jenny—"already

so green. I dearly love the willow. The cow needs no stick; I only shake this at her for fun: I think she knows me, as well as I know her."

"Excuse me for asking if your name is Jenny Brice—Evelina forgot to introduce me." Jenny nodded assent, and Mr. Newton continued: "So you are the schoolmate who walks home with Sallie, the girl whom everybody calls poor Sallie."

Jenny.—I am not rich myself, sir. Grandma' says I ought not to be proud. She says the Bible tells her "Pride was not made for man."

Mr. Newton.—Very true; but you know Providence has made distinctions in society for wise and good reasons—distinctions which we ought to keep up. You, for instance, are not poor, like Sallie.

Jenny.—But I am not rich like Evelina Anderson. Grandma' has taught me that these distinctions are ordered by Divine Providence, and that my lot has been cast according to the prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches;" therefore I must not despise the

poor, nor envy the rich—but be contented; and I find it a very easy matter.

Mr. Newton.—Your grandmother must be a very wise woman.

Jenny.—Grandma' is a good woman, and I think she is the wisest woman in the world; there she is, looking out of our door after me. I have been gone too long.

During this conversation, Evelina had walked some distance in advance of them, quite displeased at the notice Mr. Newton bestowed upon Jenny.

The venerable grandmother was leaning on her crutches, at the door of her cottage, looking out anxiously for Jenny's return. Mr. Newton bowed politely, and passed on, while Jenny said, "I'll come, in one minute, grandma'—there comes Mr. Doole."

Mr. Doole tenanted a small habitation, next door to Mrs. Brice. He came poking along with a cane, unable to distinguish objects clearly.

Jenny.—Ah, Mr. Doole, your truant cow had a fancy for a long walk, this morning, and

so had I. We have had a nice time. I found her away down in the Pratt Meadow.

“A thousand, thousand thanks to ye, my brave young lady,” said the man, as he drove the cow into the field.

Evelina had waited at the cottage for Mr. Newton. After parting with Jenny, he said: “What a nice little girl that is! I like her uncommonly well.”

“You like every body; even that ridiculous Sallie, yonder,” said Evelina, pointing to Sallie, who was swinging on Mr. Doole’s gate, with a china milk-jug in her hand. As soon as she saw Mr. Newton and Evelina, she jumped off the gate, and in so doing, dashed the milk-jug to pieces.

Sallie picked up the handle and two of the pieces, and held them together with a doleful expression, at which Evelina laughed immoderately.

“Mrs. Macer’s best china milk-jug! Oh, dear, dear; such bad luck, and it isn’t Friday, either. What shall I do?” exclaimed Sallie.

“Go and buy another,” said Mr. Newton, handing a bright silver dollar over the fence.

“No, sir; I wouldn't take the dollar, anyhow. I thank you, but you can't bring back this beloved milk-jug. I don't know why, but Mrs. Macer thinks there's something wonderful about that china jug. She says it belonged to a General, or a Corporal, or some other officer.”

Mr. Newton picked up a bit of the broken jug, and said, “It is Dresden china, and a handsome pattern, too, but I think if you buy her another, she will be satisfied.”

“No, indeed, she will not. I don't mind the scolding she will give me, so very much—but the loss, sir, the loss, is the thing. She used to look at that little milk-jug, just as a heathen might, at his idol. I dreaded to touch the thing.”

Mr. Newton dropped the dollar in his pocket, and said, “Give Mr. Newton's compliments to Mrs. Macer, and say, that as he was partly the cause of the milk-jug's being broken, he will send her one of his own, exactly like it.”

Much comforted, Sallie wiped her streaming eyes on her ragged apron; then her whole countenance beaming with gratitude, she looked into Mr. Newton's face, and exclaimed, “How

strange, that you, sir, should be so kind to a poor girl like me !”

They had hardly got out of hearing, before Evelina said, “ I think it is strange, too. Why, uncle, you would not have me take any notice of that girl, surely. And, as for Jenny Brice, I will not speak to her again, because she drives cows.”

Mr. Newton.—I admire Jenny Brice for her genuine kindness to the blind man, and I pity poor Sallie. I fear she is badly treated by the person with whom she lives. I have put some dinner in your basket for her, to-day; you must give it to her *delicately*, Evelina, and, if possible, without being noticed by the other children.”

“ Some of *my* dinner for Sallie, for poor Sallie !” exclaimed Evelina, with the utmost astonishment.

“ Some of *my* dinner,” coolly replied Mr. Newton, “ since you force me to say it; your own is at the bottom of the basket. I do not wish to blame you, Evelina, but indeed, I cannot but think it very remarkable, that you do not yet know the pleasure of giving to those

who need. I could not enjoy my own dinner in the presence of any one whom I knew to be more in need of it than I was myself."

They shortly after arrived at the school-house. Mr. Newton handed Evelina her books and dinner-basket, turned away from her with a look of displeasure, and walked homeward, making a comparison between his adopted daughter and poor Sallie, not at all in favor of Miss Evelina Anderson.

Before the noon intermission, Evelina was seized with a strong desire for some of the contents of her dinner-basket. It was against the rules to eat in school, and the baskets were all kept in the entry. But Evelina asked permission to go and get her pocket-handkerchief, and while in the entry, took a hearty lunch from the dinner provided for poor Sallie.

When noon-time came, she had still a voracious appetite, for gluttons are never satisfied, and when, after eating awhile, she surveyed the remains of the ample provision made by Mr. Newton, there were only a few slices of bread, with thin slices of ham between them, and some soda biscuit, at the bottom of the

basket. So Evelina walked by the place where Sallie was sitting, busily ciphering on a slate, and threw one of the sandwiches at her, as she would to a dog, and said, "Eat that, if you are hungry, girl."

The sandwich came pat upon the slate. Sallie instantly tossed it back into the basket, exclaiming, "Keep your dinner to yourself, Miss."

"Very well; if you don't want it, it's because you don't know what's good. I suppose you never saw a sandwich before," said Evelina, and then gladly devoured every remaining morsel.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

THE next morning, about ten o'clock, some one rapped at Mrs. Macer's door. As usual, that lady was amusing herself with one of her favorite yellow-covered books, her hair done up in papers, and an old shawl around her shoulders.

"Poll, Poll," she called: "go to the door, and say I am not at home."

Poll Dobson who was washing in the back-shed took her hands out of the suds, and ran to the door.

"Is Mrs. Macer at home?" inquired Mr. Newton.

"Come in and you can see for yourself; I don't think she knows," said Poll, opening the door into the one room of Mrs. Macer.

Mr. Newton, not understanding this singular reply, walked in and startled Mrs. Macer from the sofa. The book fell from her hand, while she stood bowing and curtesying, and saying, "Excuse me, sir; this shocking dishabille! Pray don't look at me!"

"I must beg your pardon, madam, for this intrusion," said Mr. Newton; "my name is Newton; I reside at Fairbank. I presume this is Mrs. Macer."

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Newton, but really, I should hardly know myself this morning, I have been so neglectful of my person. Pray, be seated;" and Mrs. Macer looked around, in vain, for an empty chair;—clothing, cooking utensils, books and newspapers, were scattered about in careless confusion.

Poll Dobson, aware of the mischief she had done, in admitting the stranger, stood, peeping through the crack of the door, giggling, and repeating aloud:

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To inquire the way to knowledge."

Mrs. Macer shoved aside a basket of stockings on the sofa, which had stood there for weeks, waiting to be darned, and motioned Mr. Newton to take a seat beside her. The gentleman accepted the offered place with as much politeness as he would if the sofa had been covered with gold brocade.

“Here is my apology for intruding upon you, madam,” said he, taking from a wrapping-paper a beautiful milk-jug of Dresden china.

“Oh, yes; my careless servant, who broke the jug yesterday, told me of your polite offer. I would not accept it, but the piece broken belonged to a valuable set. How strange that you should have a match for it.”

Mr. Newton.—It is quite remarkable; for I ordered mine myself at Dresden, many years ago. I had a breakfast and tea-service.

Mrs. Macer replied, with evident embarrassment, “I dare say there are thousands of sets of precisely the same pattern.”

Mr. Newton.—Very possible; but, Mrs. Macer, you must pardon me for asking how the broken jug came into your possession? I know it is an impertinent question.

Mrs. Macer.—It does seem so, I confess. It came to me by perfectly fair means; but you must excuse me for not going into trifling particulars, which could not have the least interest for an entire stranger to all the parties concerned.

Mr. Newton.—I beg ten thousand pardons for having made the enquiry. Did you know the strong reasons I had for troubling you, I am sure your kindness would absolve me from blame.

Mrs. Macer.—You are entirely excused. I only shall remember your extreme generosity to the naughty girl who broke the jug. In a few days I shall have forgotten everything else about it.

Mr. Newton.—The poor girl was grieved at her misfortune: though careless she seems generous and kind-hearted.

Mrs. Macer.—Does she! I never noticed it. She gives me a world of trouble; but as I took her from an Orphan Asylum, I am obliged to take good care of her and send her to school. That leaves me with only one servant, who is silly and stupid.

Mr. Newton rose to take leave. "I beg you will call again, sir, with Miss Evelina Anderson, when I am in better order," said Mrs. Macer, extricating, by stealth, one or two papers from her hair.

Mr. Newton bowed politely, and left; not at all pleased with his morning visit. Mrs. Macer had her own reasons for being even less pleased than Mr. Newton.

CHAPTER XIV.

GENEROSITY.

APRIL had arrived ;—April with its bright sunshine and its sudden clouds—aptly compared with the smiles and tears of youth.

Mr. Newton liked long walks, and considered them beneficial to Evelina. Every morning, when the weather was fine, he accompanied her to school, and in his friendly manner made acquaintance with the children whom they met on the way.

As they were thus walking, one bright morning, Mr. Newton said to Evelina, “I hope you frequently share your bountiful dinner with some of your companions.”

Evelina colored and looked on the ground.

Mr. Newton.—I want you to be generous from principle, my dear ; you appear not to

have generous impulses, but you can cultivate a liberal spirit.

Evelina.—I do not understand you, uncle; you would not have me give away my dinner, and go without myself, as Jenny Brice sometimes does.

Mr. Newton.—Sweet Jenny Brice! Well does she deserve the name! I should be delighted to hear that you had made a similar sacrifice for once; I would not have you deprive yourself frequently of anything you really need for your own comfort, but I wish you to share with others your enjoyments and pleasures. If you ever come into possession of wealth, you ought to spend it in a liberal, generous manner.

Just as Mr. Newton was saying this, they were passing Mrs. Macer's. Out rushed Sallie, her sun-bonnet thrown back, and her dark curls falling about her face, which was glowing with pleasure. In her hand she held a bouquet, mostly of wild flowers, with one pale hyacinth, a yellow daffodil, and several blue violets.

Mr. Newton.—Good morning, Sallie. Are you fond of flowers?

Sallie.—Yes, sir; I love them dearly. Please take them. I have had no chance before this, to thank you for bringing Mrs. Macer the milk-jug. Oh, that was so kind in you!

Mr. Newton.—I love flowers, too; but I fear you intended your bouquet for some one else.

Sallie.—I did tie it up for Jenny Brice, but I wish you would take it. I have got another hyacinth, and two daffodils, that will be blown out for her to-morrow. Please take these flowers, if you like them.

Mr. Newton took them, saying, “So you were going to give these to sweet Jenny Brice. She is your friend?”

Sallie.—Ah, sir, indeed she is; the only friend I have in the world, excepting the schoolmaster. Jenny has always something to give me, and I hardly ever have anything to give her. She loves flowers as well as I do; and I have watched mine every day since they peeped out of the ground, and they have been so good as to blossom before Jenny’s have thought of it.

Mr. Newton.—In return for your flowers, shall I send you a bouquet from my garden, or shall I send it to Jenny.

Sallie.—To Jenny, by all means! and I'll thank you a thousand times.

Mr. Newton.—You have a garden of your own, it seems. Come to Fairbank, and I will give you some roots to transplant.

Sallie.—Thank you, sir; I have fenced off a little corner that I call my garden; and I work in it when I have nothing else to do; just after sundown, and sometimes by moonlight. Oh, sir, it is the greatest pleasure I have in the world, next to walking to school with Jenny.

Evelina.—Your finger-nails look as if you digged your garden with your hands.

Sallie.—Well, I do use my hands, for I have nothing else but an old knife. (Sallie blushed, and hid her small hands under her apron.) I was at work, trying to make a gate to my garden, long before sunrise this morning, and I have been so busy since, that I have had no time to wash my hands.

Evelina.—I hope you will not insult the school by going in that condition.

Sallie.—No, I will not; for here we are at Mrs. Brice's; and I can go in and make myself more decent.

So saying, Sallie opened the gate, and went on to the cottage.

The rudeness of Evelina had given as much pain to Mr. Newton as it had to poor Sallie. He had such generosity of disposition, and such natural kindness, that he could never endure to see any one suffer. He noticed that Sallie had more natural sensibility than Evelina, and though she endeavored to conceal her mortification, she had keenly felt Evelina's rude remarks. He was unwilling even to reprove harshly; but as soon as Sallie left, he said, "Evelina, I am ashamed of you. Is it any reason, because you are neatly and elegantly dressed, that you should treat with contempt a poor girl, who probably has not time to attend to her personal appearance, and thus wound her delicate feelings?"

Evelina. — Feelings! Delicate feelings!

Why uncle, you don't suppose that filthy girl has any delicacy of feeling.

Mr. Newton.—That disgusting word again! I beg of you to remember my entreaty, that you will not sully your mouth with it. We ought to be extremely careful not to wound the feelings of persons whom Providence has placed in a humble condition. It is a meanness I cannot tolerate, for any one to be haughty and contemptuous towards the poor.

Evelina.—I presume you would not have me make a companion of poor Sallie.

Mr. Newton.—Not in one sense—the laws of society forbid that; but I wish you to make her your friend.

Evelina.—My friend! That is worse yet!

Mr. Newton.—You mistake. By kindness and consideration you may attach the poor girl to you, without making her your companion. The love of one generous heart like hers, is worth more than the shallow professions of thousands whom you call your equals.

They had now reached the school-house, and Mr. Newton bade Evelina “Good morning.”

He soon met Jenny and Sallie, hastening to school. "Sallie," said he, "come this evening to Fairbank, and I will give you the flower-roots to put out in your garden; I am hastening home to put your bouquet in water."

"Isn't he kind!" exclaimed Sallie, her great eyes glistening with tears; "I have never had any body but you, Jenny, speak so kindly to me, since my dear mother went to Heaven."

CHAPTER XV.

FAT FRISK.

It was a lovely sunset after the mild April day. The whole earth, as if refreshed by the long sleep of winter, was rousing herself, and putting on beautiful attire.

Sallie obtained permission to go to Fairbank for the promised flowers. She took a small basket on her arm, and joyfully hastened thither.

As she walked through the long avenue of elms and horse-chestnuts, leading to the mansion, she stopped now and then to notice how the fresh green leaves of the latter were bursting from the buds where they had been closely sealed up during the cold weather. While thus standing near the house, the old door came

out of his kennel, and barked as loudly as his fat and laziness would allow.

Though Sallie was afraid of ghosts, she was not afraid of dogs; so she snapped her fingers, and said, "Come here, fat fellow."

The dog trotted up to her, smelled and snuffed about her, and then wagged his tail and licked her hand.

"Good fellow! good fellow!" said Sallie, patting his head.

The dog jumped up, with wonderful spirit, to her face, and gave it a lick.

"Be quiet, Frisk;" said Sallie, "You are too familiar, on a short acquaintance."

Mr. Newton, who had been watching Sallie as she walked up the avenue, now came out to meet her, and called Frisk to him, saying, "Why, old fellow, you wish to make a new friend. You must like dogs, Sallie. Frisk is not usually pleased with strangers."

Sallie.—I do like dogs, especially when they like me. But, come, Frisk, that's enough.

The dog had continued his awkward caresses. Miss Mira now stepped out on the front piazza.

"What ails that 'are dog?" said she. "He

always does bark at beggars, but I never saw him so furious, before. Go away, gal; we haint got no cold *vittles*, to-day, and—”

Mr. Newton hastily interrupted Miss Mira. “You mistake, Mira, this is Sallie, come by my express invitation, for some flower-roots. Come this way, Sallie.”

The gentleman then led the way to a large garden, the other side of the house—but, first, he was obliged to fasten Frisk to his kennel.

With a trowel, he carefully took up such flowers as Sallie pointed out, pinks, tulips, hyacinths, &c. &c., until the basket was full; then he tucked the trowel into it, saying, “That’s an uncommonly handy thing to manage roots with; you will want it when you set them out in your garden; keep it, if you please. And now, we will go into the conservatory and select a bouquet for sweet Jenny Brice.”

The large conservatory occupied all one side of the house. It was, roof and all, covered with glass, and filled with a great variety of flowers, in blossom, brought from the greenhouse.

Oranges and lemons, glowing amid their

dark leaves—camelias of every known variety—gay azalias—here a bright cactus, and there, delicate pink ones,—the mingled perfume of mignonette, tea-roses and geraniums:—poor Sallie thought she was in fairy-land, and walked through the conservatory, bewildered and enchanted.

“Now, Sallie, select any of these flowers that you choose,” said Mr. Newton.

“Oh; I couldn’t think of picking any of these beautiful flowers. How you must have laughed at my poor little nosegay!”

“No, indeed, Sallie. I placed it in a vase in my own room; it reminds me, forcibly, of the widow’s two mites, and is more valuable than the most splendid bouquets that could be gathered from this conservatory.”

So saying, Mr. Newton took out his pen-knife, and began cutting off here and there a flower, until he had made a gay collection. “What else shall I add, Sallie—do choose some yourself.”

Sallie.—It wants but one more flower to make it perfect—that pure white one, with the

dark, glossy, green leaves. That seems to me like sweet Jenny Brice, herself.

Mr. Newton.—This white *Camelia Japonica*? Certainly you shall have it;—you pay your friend quite a delicate compliment by the comparison.

Sallie.—She deserves it; indeed she does.

When the bouquet was completed, Mr. Newton asked Sallie if she would wait a moment, and take a piece of cake, after her long walk. She colored deeply, and whispered, “No, sir; that woman would call me a beggar, if I did.

Mr. Newton.—You must excuse Miss Mira, she does not see very plainly, through those big spectacles.

Sallie.—I know I dress like a beggar, but I would rather starve than beg. And Sallie’s face glowed rosy red, like the sunset cloud which still lingered in the west.

Mr. Newton.—I hope, however, you don’t refuse to share, occasionally, Evelina’s bountiful dinner.

Sallie.—She never offered me any but once, and then I threw it back, because I was as mad as fire. Excuse me, sir, I couldn’t help it;

she tossed it at me in such a proud way. I wouldn't treat Frisk so, for any thing.

Mr. Newton.—I am sorry Evelina offered it so ungraciously. She ought to take lessons in generosity from you and Jenny Brice.

Sallie.—Don't mention me in that way. I can't be generous, if I would. Your generosity does not make me feel angry. I am very thankful, so thankful that I do not know what to say. Good bye, sir.

And the tears, always very near poor Sallie's eyes, dropped upon the flowers behind which she hid her face.

They were now passing near the kennel. Frisk whined and begged to be let loose. Mr. Newton bade Sallie good bye, and as she walked down the avenue he looked after her, and said to himself, "It is strange that old dog should know so much better than the old woman, that Sallie was not a beggar girl. He has a saucy habit of barking at beggars and pedlars, and they never can coax him. Dogs, surely, have something beyond what we, with human pride, call instinct."

CHAPTER XVI.

JENNY'S BOUQUET.

How happy was poor Sallie that night! She flew to her own room and placed the bouquet in a broken tumbler, saying "Now, rats; don't you dare to touch these beautiful flowers."

Then she went to set out the roots in her garden.

Behind the old house was a large, unoccupied lot, or field, which from the regular little knolls that dotted it over, must once have been a cornfield, after it had been given up as the garden to the house. One corner of this field Sallie had fenced off with carved mahogany balusters, from the broken-down staircase. To be sure, the square thus fenced in was not larger than a common dining-table, but it was her garden, her own beloved garden.

The moon looked down, calm and bright, upon the open field, and gave Sallie sufficient light to set out the flower-roots. One after another she took from the basket the tulips, the carnations, the pansies, jonquils, and other flowers with which Mr. Newton had heaped it up, and with the smooth, sharp trowel placed them in the ground.

Lovingly she spoke to each. "Oh, you grand tulip! What a beauty you will be! I shall give you to Mrs. Macer. I think she must admire tulips; she is like a tulip, though not so pretty."

"Pansies! Pansies! Jenny loves you, darlings; you must do your prettiest for her sake."

"Precious carnation pink! Who would have thought poor Sallie would ever own such a flower! How proud I shall be to carry the first that blossoms to Mrs. Brice!"

For the first time in her life, Sallie felt religious emotion, not mingled with superstition. As she knelt in her little garden, she lifted up her eyes and heart to Heaven, and whispered, "The great God who made these flowers is good to me, though I am but a poor,

wicked orphan girl. I am sorry I am not better.”

Beneath the great blue sky, with its beautiful stars and clear-shining moon, she was free from the fears that tormented her, nightly, in her dark garret. Here, in the freedom of space, her soul expanded, but more than this—the kindness of a fellow-being had filled her generous heart with grateful emotion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BLACK PONY.

BEFORE going to school the next morning, Sallie had to run and take a look at her garden. Very little order there was, in its arrangement; but that was nothing to Sallie. "You look like the minister's old fashioned pew, my darling garden; and by and by you will look more like it still, when you are filled with gay company." And Sallie, with a gladsome heart, tripped away to carry the beautiful bouquet to Jenny Brice. No belle at a ball ever carried a bouquet with such pure joy as filled Sallie's generous heart, as she bore the lovely flowers in triumph to her little friend. Again she came up with Mr. Newton and Evelina, on their way to school. Frisk had been permitted to accompany them. As

soon as he saw Sallie, he ran to her, wriggling about his fat body as though he would wriggle himself out of his skin, for joy.

Mr. Newton.—Good morning, Sallie ; your visit yesterday did Frisk a deal of good : he is lazy because he has nobody to play with him.

“ Good fellow, Frisk ! ” said Sallie, and the dog jumped up and licked her cheek.

Evelina.—The nasty thing ! I would not have him lick my face for the world.

Mr. Newton.—There is no danger that he will ; dogs and children are good physiognomists—they know their true friends.

Quite displeased, Evelina walked rapidly forward.

Sallie carried a small tin pail in her hand, which served for a dinner-basket. Mr. Newton said :

“ Take off the cover of the pail, Sallie ; I have some raisins and almonds to add to your dinner.”

She lifted the cover, and the pail was empty.

Sallie.—Oh ! I was so engaged about my

flowers, this morning, that I forgot about my dinner, and snatched up the empty pail.

Mr. Newton regarded Sallie with a searching glance, which said, "Do you tell the truth?"

Sallie colored, and instantly replied, "I do go without sometimes, and don't mind it much. To-day I really did forget it."

The clear eye and honest face of poor Sallie removed doubt from the mind of Mr. Newton. He found something in Sallie's character, that wonderfully harmonized with his own.

"Oh, there comes Jenny," exclaimed Sallie, running forward to meet her, and leaving the tin pail in Mr. Newton's hand. The chicken pie, and bread and butter, with which he filled it, reduced Evelina's dinner to a moderate one, over which she undoubtedly grumbled.

"Me! Those magnificent flowers for me!" exclaimed Jenny Brice.

Sallie.—Yes; Mr. Newton gathered them for you from his fairy palace.

Jenny.—They do indeed seem like fairies themselves;—oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!

and was admiring the delicacy of Sallie in not mentioning why he had gathered them for Jenny.

Jenny.—Mr. Newton, I am so obliged to you for these splendid flowers. If you have no objections, I will give them to grandma'; she is a dear lover of flowers.

Mr. Newton.—No objection! Certainly not. I am glad to be the means of giving pleasure to any one.

Jenny ran in, left the bouquet, and soon joined the party on the way to school. They chatted pleasantly, in spite of Evelina, who strode on ahead, without deigning to take the least notice of them; much wondering how a gentleman like Mr. Newton could condescend to amuse himself with two such poor girls.

Harry Thomson was the son of the only lawyer in the village. He was a merry boy, the leader in fun and mischief, who governed the children on the play-ground as completely as the master governed them in the school-room.

Harry did not really dislike poor Sallie, but it was easy to make sport of her, and play off

practical jokes upon her ; such as filling her hair with burrs, pinning papers on her back, and tying mullen-stalks to her apron-string. Harry was daring and independent, fearless of every one but Jenny Brice. She was as independent as himself, and was the protector of Sallie. Jenny would join in every innocent sport, but the moment anything wrong was proposed, she drew back and remonstrated.

Just as Mr. Newton and the girls came near the school-house, Harry cantered up in grand style, on a black pony. Alexander was not more proud when he mounted the fiery Bucephalus, than was Harry Thomson, as he bestrode Scipio. Harry remembered the name of Scipio Africanus, in Roman history, and thinking the latter name must have been given because the Roman general was a negro, called his black pony Scipio ; which the conqueror of Africa would not have taken for a very great compliment. But boys, even proud and smart ones, are liable to mistakes.

Harry snatched his cloth cap from his head, and stuck it on again, in a twinkling, for a

bow, as he passed, and then touched up Scipio with his rattan, to make him show off.

“A fine boy that!” exclaimed Mr. Newton.

“Handsome—quite handsome,” said Evelina.

Harry rode under a shed, fastened the pony, and came to the school-door, dusting his pantaloons with the rattan.

“A fine morning for a ride, sir,” said Mr. Newton.

“Charming,” replied Harry, “and my horse, Scipio, is in grand spirits. He could trot twelve miles an hour with perfect ease.”

Frisk began to bark at Harry—he did not like the boy or the rattan.

“Be quiet, Frisk,” said Mr. Newton; but Frisk growled and snapped at Harry.

“Hold your saucy tongue, you ugly dog,” said Harry, lifting the rattan to strike Frisk.

Sallie instantly stretched out her arm, received the blow, drew it back, and covered it with her shawl.

“Sallie! Sallie!” exclaimed Jenny, “that must have hurt you, severely.”

“Not so much as it would have hurt Frisk,” said Sallie.

The dog seized hold of Harry's pantaloons and Mr. Newton shook the boy by the left shoulder, exclaiming, “You young rascal, how dare you strike that poor girl.”

“I meant to strike your ugly dog,” said Harry, giving Frisk a tremendous blow with the hand that was still free. The dog ran off yelping, while Mr. Newton snatched the whip from Harry's hand, and gave him a smart stroke across his back.

Mr. Hollister now came out to enquire about the rumpus. When it was explained, he said, “Oh, Harry, fie! fie! I am ashamed of you; beg the gentleman's pardon.”

“No sir, I will not. The dog barked at me, and I meant to hit him. I am sorry I hurt poor Sallie, and am willing to tell her so, for I didn't mean to; Mr. Newton has had full satisfaction,” said Harry, shrugging up his shoulders.

“There is some reason in what you say,” replied Mr. Newton, whose momentary anger

had vanished, holding out his hand in a friendly manner, "Let us be friends."

"I don't feel friendly towards you, sir," said Harry, without extending his hand.

"Sallie, I am sorry for you and the poor dog; now I know how my cane makes a fellow tingle."

"Oh, don't mind me, Harry; but you won't strike Scipio again, so hard, will you, now you feel how it hurts?" said Sallie.

Mr. Hollister rang the bell, and the children went into school.

Mr. Newton walked slowly homeward, revolving in his mind whether it were possible to relieve poor Sallie from the unpleasant situation in which she was placed with Mrs. Macer. That lady did not intend to be cruel to her handmaiden; it was through carelessness and neglect that Sallie was rendered uncomfortable. To be sure, Mrs. Macer now and then boxed her ears, or gave her a sudden pinch, when under the influence of a hasty temper; but that produced only momentary pain. The great trouble to Sallie was, that nobody cared for her; and she would often sit on the stone, by

the back-door, and cry bitterly, because she was lonely and had nobody to give her a kind word. She was attached even to Mrs. Macer, and would have really loved her, had that neglectful woman sometimes inquired whether she was cold or hungry; whether she liked her school; whether she learned her lessons;—in short, had taken some interest in her welfare. But, no; Mrs. Macer was selfish and thoughtless; moreover, she did not feel her responsibility to God for the treatment of an orphan who was altogether entrusted to her care. Mrs. Macer was not a Christian.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RIDE THAT WAS NOT PLEASANT.

AT the noon intermission, the children crowded around Harry Thomson's pony.

"Let me ride! let me ride!" came from a dozen shrill voices. Among the loudest was Evelina Anderson's.

"No, no, Evelina; you can ride enough at home. Here, Jenny Brice, you may ride; let me help you to mount Scipio."

"But I just want to whisper to you Harry," said Evelina, in the most insinuating manner; "I wouldn't let that vulgar Jenny Brice ride my beautiful pony, if I were you; she drives cows in the street, and keeps company with poor Sallie."

"Who cares for that! You'd better mind your own business, Miss. Come, Jenny, step

up on the 'horseblock,' and I will bring Scipio along side."

Thus urged by Harry, Jenny said, "Indeed, I don't know how to ride, but I will try," and she stepped up on some stones, placed one upon another, that served for a "horseblock."

"You need not be afraid, Jenny; Scipio is as gentle as you are," said Harry, as he gathered up the reins and put them into Jenny's hands. Then he lightly touched the pony with his rattan, telling Jenny to keep tight hold of the reins.

The pony, accustomed to that same rattan, started off; just as he did so, Sallie, delighted to see Jenny thus exalted, clapped her hands and shouted with all her might.

The pony broke into a full canter; the children ran screaming, "Stop him, Jenny! Stop him!"

This frightened the animal, and he went as fast as he could gallop. The saddle was a smooth, boy's saddle, and Jenny felt that she could not keep her seat. She slipped her foot out of the stirrup, and sprang to the ground. The pony galloped homeward.

“Oh dear; she’s dead! she’s dead!” exclaimed Sallie, who was the first to reach Jenny.

“If she’s dead, you killed her,” said Harry, as he came up to the spot. “You it was, that frightened Scipio.”

“Jenny, darling, speak to me,” said Sallie, in an agony of terror.

Jenny groaned, and tried to speak.

“Run for some water,” said Harry.

A dozen of them ran tumbling over each other, and impeding the haste of all. One of them brought water in a tin cup, spilling it as he ran, until not a drop remained; another broke the pitcher—the only school pitcher, by the way.

Harry and Sallie, who knelt by Jenny, and untied her bonnet, thought it an age before they could get a drop of water.

Jenny had fainted. Harry, at last, ran and filled his cap at a brook in the field, and when he had dashed the water in Jenny’s face, she revived.

“Oh! she isn’t dead! she isn’t dead! Jenny,

my most precious Jenny, speak to your poor Sallie."

Jenny said, "Don't be frightened, Sallie; I am not much hurt. I think I could walk, now, to the school-house."

Harry and Sallie helped Jenny to rise from the ground, and led her slowly along, with the wondering, sympathizing children, walking solemnly in front of them, turning their eyes every other minute, with anxious looks, to Jenny. She was bruised badly, but no bones were broken.

The eager children spread their shawls and cloaks on a bench, and Jenny lay down, just ready to faint again.

"It was all owing to that good-for-nothing Sallie," said Evelina Anderson.

"Don't blame Sallie," said Jenny, "she would not hurt me for the whole world."

Sallie rushed out of the school-house. A sudden thought had struck her. She met Mr. Hollister, told him of the accident, and that she was going to Fairbank to ask Mr. Newton to send his carriage to take Jenny home. Mr.

Hollister gave permission and hastened to Jenny.

Sallie ran all the way to Fairbank, full speed, and when she arrived, was so out of breath, that she could scarcely ask the servant at the door, for Mr. Newton.

"You can't see him, no how," said the waiter; "he is jist sot down to dinner."

"But I *must* see him, and I *will*," replied Sallie, diving by him into the entry. The smart waiter, much displeased, hastened to the dining-room, opened the door, and said, "Here's a sassy gal, says she will see Mr. Newton."

Sallie was already inside the door, heated and panting for breath.

"Oh, Mr. Newton! Oh, Mr. Newton!" she exclaimed, "Jenny Brice is almost killed."

"What is it, Sallie?" demanded Mr. Newton, throwing down his knife and fork.

Sallie.—Harry Thomson's pony ran away with Jenny, and she jumped off, and is awfully hurt. I came to ask you to send your carriage to take her home!

Mr. Newton.—That I will, most certainly.

Brown, tell Martin to have the carriage at the door, as quickly as possible. Sit down and rest yourself, Sallie.

“In the hall, girl,” said Miss Mira, as she saw Sallie settle herself in a chair covered with Miss Mira’s own precious worsted work.

“Let her sit where she is, Mira; don’t you see the child is completely exhausted with running and fright. Are you not very tired, Sallie?”

Sallie made no answer; her eyes were fixed upon the fine picture over the mantel-piece. Mr. Newton continued:

“I will finish my dinner while they are putting the horses to the carriage, and then I will go with you.”

The chair in which Sallie had seated herself, was directly opposite the mantel-piece. Sallie’s eyes did not wander an instant from that beautiful picture.

Mr. Newton glanced at her, now and then, as he hurried down his dinner; at length he said, “Sallie, you would hardly know your friend Frisk, there; he was much younger and thinner when that was taken, than he is now.”

Sallie.—And yet he looks more natural, there, to me.

Mr. Newton.—You mean more as a dog ought to look.

Sallie.—No, sir; I mean just as I say; it seems to me as if I had played with Frisk when he looked just like the dog there. I wonder how I came to know his name.

Miss Mira.—I s'pose you heard him called by name; or if you didn't, there *is* ten thousand dogs of that name, and *one* dog bears a strong *dissemblance* to any other dog.

Sallie.—It seems, too, as if I had seen that lovely lady before, and I am sure I have seen the pretty child.

Mr. Newton.—It is because you have seen yourself, Sallie. I told Miss Mira that I thought you looked like that little girl.

Miss Mira.—That is sheer nonsense, Timothy. It's all in your eye; you thought Eveliny looked like that picter—and you think this gal looks like it, when they bear no more *dissemblance* to each other, than a cat and a frog. I hope you are not going to 'dopt every *gnurly*

brat you see, 'cause they look like that pictur' child of yourn.

Mr. Newton.—Spare the feelings of a bereaved father; you cannot understand them.

By this time the carriage was at the door. Mr. Newton, as he seated himself in it, said, “Jump in, Sallie, and sit on the seat opposite me.”

He then ordered the coachman to drive rapidly to the school-house. For some moments after, Mr. Newton remained silent and thoughtful, with his eyes fixed on the forlorn child before him; he then broke out suddenly: “And where did you live, Sallie, before you were with Mrs. Macer?”

Sallie.—In a very large house, where there were a great many orphans, like myself.

Mr. Newton.—An Orphan Asylum. Where was it?

Sallie.—I don't know, sir.

Mr. Newton.—What is your surname, Sallie?

Sallie.—They never called me anything but Sallie, there; but Mrs. Macer says I have another name, Sabor. I just remember being

called by some such name, when I was a very little girl.

Mr. Newton.—Were they kind to you at the Asylum?

Sallie.—I don't remember any great unkindness. It seems now as though nobody took any more notice of me, than if I had been a wooden child; only that I was fed and clothed, and walked out in a procession with fifty or more children, in blue frocks and white pinafores. It must have been in a city, for there were a great many houses and people, by which we were hurried as we passed through the streets.

Mr. Newton.—How old are you, child?

Sallie.—I don't know exactly. Mrs. Macer says I am about thirteen. I must have been five or six years old when my dear mother died. Father had then been dead a long time.

Mr. Newton.—Can't you remember either of them?

Sallie.—I remember my sick mother lying in a bed with white curtains. She gave me her wedding ring.

Here Sallie burst into tears, and Mr. Newton

said, soothingly, "Poor child! Say no more about the melancholy past. Let us look at the present. I am afraid your position is far from comfortable. Would you like to leave Mrs. Macer?"

Sallie.—Oh, no; sir. I can't do that. How would she get along without me?

Mr. Newton.—But I fear you suffer from—(Mr. Newton would not say *hunger*)—in short, how would you like to live at Fairbank?

Sallie.—I should not like to live there at all, as a servant to Miss Evelina Anderson. I know Mrs. Macer's ways and should not care to change.

Mr. Newton.—Not exactly as a servant, but—The gentleman did not know exactly in what capacity to place Sallie.

Sallie.—Do not be uneasy about me, sir. I have got quite used to the rats, and am not half as much afraid of ghosts as I was when I first came here.

Mr. Newton.—Rats and ghosts!

Sallie described the old lumber-garret. Before she had done, they reached the school-house.

Jenny had fallen asleep where the children had laid her. Mr. Newton lifted her tenderly into the carriage, and told Evelina to follow. She did so, grumbling and pouting.

Jenny leaned her head on Mr. Newton's shoulder. "It was very wrong for that scamp, Harry Thomson, to put you on his pony," said he.

Jenny.—Oh, no; he was very kind. I alone was to blame, for attempting to ride when I didn't know how. I thought grandma' would not like it, at the time; and I ought to have refused, for I am always punished when I do contrary to her wishes. But pride got the better of me; and you know pride must have a fall.

Evelina.—So you did deserve it, richly; for you were delighted because Harry preferred you to me. You felt mighty grand.

Mr. Newton.—Evelina! Evelina! After Jenny has confessed so much, it is ungenerous—mean, to reproach her. Jenny, I should never have suspected that you were proud.

Jenny.—But I am, sir; I try to drive out the evil passion, but it will come, in some shape or other again and again.

Evelina.—I wish it would keep you from driving cows, and going with poor Sallie.

Jenny.—It does not trouble me to drive a blind man's cow when he needs her; nor to show kindness to a poor girl. Everybody in the village knows me, and I am just the same to them, whether I go with Sallie or with you. Besides, I really enjoy a walk with her, she is so bright and entertaining.

Mr. Newton.—I should not think pride was your besetting sin.

Jenny.—I am proud of grandma'. When any one treats me contemptuously, I think, "Never mind, you haven't such a grandma' as I have." Then I am proud of not being rich.

Evelina.—Proud of not being rich! That is impossible!

Jenny.—I can't explain this queer kind of pride, exactly. I feel a sort of silly exultation because I can be somebody, without much money. There, now, Mr. Newton, grandma' would say that I had talked quite too much about myself, and I beg you to excuse me.

Mr. Newton.—I had no right to force you to confess so much. I must make acquaintance

with your good grandmother. And here we are, at the door; I will go in first and explain to her what has happened.

Jenny.—No; no; she will be too much alarmed to see you; let me get out. The faintness has gone, and I feel much better.

The nice old lady was sitting in her usual place, netting a fish-net for her poor neighbor, Doole.

Jenny introduced Mr. Newton and Evelina, and he explained what had happened.

“It was poor Sallie who frightened the pony and caused all this trouble,” said Evelina, spitefully.

Mrs. Brice.—I know Sallie did it unintentionally, then! for she has a great, noble, generous heart! You look pale, my own darling.

Mr. Newton.—We will leave you, Mrs. Brice, now, and come to-morrow morning, to enquire after Jenny, hoping to find her much better.

As they passed out, they met Sallie, who, almost out of breath with running, had come to assist Mrs. Brice and Jenny.

“A great, noble, generous heart,” said Mr.

Newton, as the carriage rolled towards Fairbank.

“What is that you are saying to yourself, uncle?” demanded Evelina.

“A great, noble, generous heart!” he replied. “What would I not give to have you deserve such praise as Mrs. Brice bestowed upon poor Sallie!”

Evelina was given to pouting. Her lips, in fact, had grown into a fixed pout; not a pretty one, either, and when she was much displeased they looked like (what a comparison!) a snout.

It was Sallie who made the sage-tea for Jenny. It was Sallie who warmed the bed and put sugar in the warming-pan, to take out the cruel bruises. It was Sallie who sang Jenny to sleep with her own favorite song, “Home, Sweet Home”; though to Sallie there was indeed, “No spot on earth *like* Home.”

CHAPTER XIX.

A REJECTED PROPOSAL.

THE next morning Mrs. Brice welcomed Mr. Newton most cordially. It was not alone because he brought Jenny a fresh bouquet, and nice calves'-foot jelly, but because he took such genuine, kind interest in her beloved grandchild.

Jenny was better than she had dared to hope, after so serious an accident, but she thought to keep in her bed for the day, would be advisable.

Mr. Newton was glad to find Mrs. Brice alone, and said, "can you spare a few moments from your patient?"

Mrs. Brice.—Perfectly well; for Sallie is with her. She begged permission to stay from

school for the purpose of nursing her young friend. Pray be seated, sir.

Mr. Newton.—It may surprise you to see me take so deep an interest in Jenny and Sallie, but I have peculiar reasons for it.

Mrs. Brice.—I am not surprised. I consider them both interesting in their own way, and I think Sallie's exceedingly trying position would call forth sympathy from any benevolent person. Surely, your kindness needs no apology.

Mr. Newton.—It is about Sallie that I wish to consult you. I lost an only daughter, who would have been about her age. To make up the sad loss as far as possible, I adopted the child of a distant relation, because I fancied she resembled my departed darling. Evelina Anderson I cannot love as I thought I should; I have shown her every kindness, and unlimited indulgence, yet she manifests neither gratitude nor affection.

Mrs. Brice.—Gratitude is an emotion which only noble minds can feel.

Mr. Newton.—You have been able to excite that emotion in Sallie.

Mrs. Brice.—Have I, indeed! Very little

have I done for her. She is grateful even to Mrs. Macer, because she allows her to work for her, and sleep in a lumber garret!

Mr. Newton.—She forgives all the wrongs she has received, and is generous towards that neglectful, unkind woman. She has won my admiration and esteem. I wish to do something for the child, but cannot invent anything that does not seem too romantic. It would not answer for me to adopt another daughter; it would, perhaps, be unjust to Evelina. I am blest with ample means to do good, and instead of founding an Orphan Asylum, I wish to aid orphans in my own peculiar way. I want your advice, for I am said to be fantastical and romantic. I am still haunted by resemblances. Sallie bears a stronger resemblance to my own little girl, than Evelina does, and I have decided on releasing her from her present situation.

Mrs. Brice.—Are you not somewhat hasty about this important matter?

Mr. Newton.—I am perhaps governed by what may be termed generous impulses, rather

than by principle. I wish to place Sallie with yourself, madam, and your sweet Jenny.

Mrs. Brice.—I am very sorry for Sallie, but I could not receive her into my quiet cottage; her careless habits would give me too much trouble.

Mr. Newton.—But, Madam, you wish to do good from principle.

Mrs. Brice.—But I must choose my own way, as you do, sir. Sallie would, in daily life, be a great disadvantage to my Jenny. Beside being careless, she is fearfully superstitious, and has never been taught good manners.

Mr. Newton.—Jenny's influence upon Sallie would be the governing influence. Only consider how the poor girl is placed;—sleeping in a garret where the rats run over her; half starved; no word of kindness ever spoken to her; the very clothing she wears making her an object of pity to some, and ridicule to others;—a poor, forsaken, homeless orphan.

Mrs. Brice.—I have counted the cost. Jenny has been educated with the greatest possible care, yet her habits and principles are not so

firmly fixed as to allow me to venture upon the plan you propose.

“ I have mistaken your character, madam,” said Mr. Newton ; his habitual politeness giving way for the moment to angry feeling.

Mrs. Brice.—It may be that I am not generous to Sallie, but I am just to my own grandchild.

Mr. Newton took leave and wended his way homeward, with feelings of chagrin and disappointment.

The next morning Jenny was much better, and in a few days was again at school.

CHAPTER XX.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

THE month of April with its sunshine and showers, its bursting buds, and delicate, fragile flowers, had given place to May—the idol month of poets, with her deeper green and gayer flowers.

Sallie's first tulip had bloomed. Oh, how anxiously that precious tulip had been watched from the first pushing of the reddish green leaves above the ground, till it stood proudly erect upon its tall stem and unfolded its purple and yellow petals.

Sallie gathered it, placed it with some green myrtle in the Dresden china jug, and gave it to Mrs. Macer.

“Why, Sallie, where did you get this splendid tulip!” exclaimed Mrs. Macer.

Sallie.—I raised it in my own garden, from a root Mr. Newton gave me.

Mrs. Macer.—He seems to have taken a great fancy to you, Sallie. He was enquiring about you, to-day. But your garden, Sallie, where is it?

Sallie.—Have you never seen my precious garden! Why, I have seven kinds of flowers in bud at this very time. That is my first tulip. I wish you would come and look at it, for now that I don't go to school I keep it in first-rate order.

Mrs. Macer actually went to see the garden, and much wondered at Sallie's ingenuity in making the fence of the old balusters, and her success in cultivating her flowers.

“Really, Sallie,” said she, “I am much obliged to you for the splendid tulip.”

Sallie was so touched by the first really kind words Mrs. Macer had ever spoken to her, that large tears stood in her dark eyes, and the color in her cheeks deepened.

“Come in the house, now, I have something to tell you.” They went in, and Mrs. Macer told Sallie to sit down, and then said, “Mr. Newton wants you to go to school; he has persuaded me to give you to him. He wishes to

have you board somewhere in the village and go to school."

Sallie.—I don't understand you, marm.

Mrs. Macer.—You know there is nobody to claim you, and that you were bound out to me till eighteen. Mr. Newton has paid for your time, and you are free. The papers are all made out by Mr. Thomson, the lawyer.

Sallie.—I had rather stay with you, marm, than to go among strangers. What will you do without me?

Mrs. Macer.—I shall find some one to supply your place.

Sallie.—I hope she won't be so careless and forgetful as I have been. Where am I to go?

Mrs. Macer.—For the present, to Fairbank, till Mr. Newton has made other arrangements. Evelina Anderson has gone away to boarding-school.

Sallie.—To Fairbank! Oh dear, dear, dear! I am not fit to go to Fairbank. It frightens me to think of it. Let me stay with you, and if Mr. Newton will pay you for my board, we can live very comfortably. I should like much to go to school again.

Mrs. Macer.—I am touched by your generosity, Sallie. I have not been as kind to you as I ought to have been. You cannot stay with me, for I am going away from Snowton to Dermerville. In short, Sallie, to confess the truth—I am going to be married.

Sallie.—Married! May I ask who is to be your husband?

Mrs. Macer.—Mr. Nazy; the gentleman you have seen here several times of late. But, Sallie, I thought you would be delighted to go to Fairbank. Think what a beautiful garden there is there!

Sallie.—I wish it was sweet Jenny Brice instead of poor me. She knows how to behave like a lady. What should I do, if I had to be dressed like a doll and stuck up in the parlor, when I have no right to be there. Bad luck, bad luck.

Mrs. Macer.—The best luck in the world. You are a very strange girl.

Sallie.—You would not say so, marm, if you only knew how that woman up there goes prying into everything about the house, through her big specs. I think I can hear her saying

to me, "Don't muddy the carpet;" "Don't put your fingers on that nice table;" "Don't spill your tea!" Oh dear, dear! it is a very grand place—too grand, marm, for poor Sallie. Didn't *she* say to me, "Don't sit in that chair?" She will *do-dont* me from morning till night.

Mrs. Macer.—But Mr. Newton will be very kind to you, and will not allow Miss Almira to harass you. Besides, it is possible that he may send you away to school.

Sallie.—I do like Mr. Newton, but I don't want him to support me; I am old enough and strong enough to support myself.

Mrs. Macer.—You are the silliest child that ever I saw. Why, you will live like a princess.

Sallie was not silly; she never made a more sensible remark in her life. She had felt, although very young at the time, what it was to be dependent. Since she had been with Mrs. Macer, she knew that she was more than earning her support, and, in the midst of many privations, she preferred it to living on charity. Mr. Newton was almost a stranger to her, and it was in a sad tone, that she enquired, "When am I to go?"

“To-day.”

“To-day! Who is to stay with you, marm?”

“I am going to leave, myself, to-morrow.”

Sallie ran up to the old lumber-garret, sat down on the floor, covered her face with her apron and wept. Strange as it may seem, she had become attached to a place she called her own, in spite of rats and ghosts. Nobody had intruded upon her, there; every object had become familiar, and even the tall mirror, with its broken glass, seemed a friend.

When Mrs. Macer called her down, her eyes were red and swollen with weeping.

Mrs. Macer.—Fie! Fie! Sallie. Wash your face and hands, and make yourself ready to go. Here is a ring of yours, the French baker handed me yesterday; he says you left it in pawn for bread for me. Poor Sallie! I had no idea you could be so generous—it’s really quite romantic.

Sallie most gladly placed the ring on her finger.

The pink bonnet, now soiled and bent into numberless angles—the dirty shawl torn in slits, a dingy calico frock and miserable shoes

and stockings, in which poor Sallie arrayed herself, formed a striking contrast with the silk-lined carriage into which she soon after stepped with fear and trembling.

“ Good bye, Sallie,” said Mrs. Macer, shaking hands with the poor girl. “ There is a band-box to go with you. I am sorry I had not time to prepare you for going. Be a good girl, Sallie. Farewell !”

“ Oh forgive me, marm, for all my carelessness ; for all the crockery I have broken,” said Sallie.

Poor Sallie was no longer the bound-out girl ; that made a mighty difference to Mrs. Macer ; but the few words of kindness to the artless Sallie effaced every remembrance of hardship and neglect. She sobbed out her “ Good-bye,” and the carriage drove off to Fairbank.

CHAPTER XXI.

AWKWARDNESS AND DISCONTENT.

MR. NEWTON handed Sallie out of the carriage, and led her up stairs to the door of one of the front bedrooms. He gave her the key, and said, "These are your rooms, Sallie, the bed-room and dressing-room adjoining. All the wearing apparel, the dressing-case, work-box, &c., you find within, are yours. We dine in about an hour. Dress yourself neatly, and be sure to be ready when the dinner-bell rings; Miss Almira is very punctual. There will be two bells rung!"

The coachman now handed up the old band-box. Mr. Newton thinking it contained Sallie's miserable wardrobe, said, "Put it away in the closet, I suppose you will not need to

use any of its contents at present ;” as a delicate hint to Sallie not to appear at dinner in anything she had ever worn before.

Sallie entered the spacious bed-room, and turned the key inside. For a moment or two she remained without advancing a step, stupefied with astonishment.

On one side of the room was a rosewood bedstead, with white lace curtains, suspended from a gilded wreath of flowers, hanging in the form of a tent around the pure white bed. The window-curtains were of the same embroidered lace, with outer curtains of blue damask. Between the windows was a dressing-table, with white marble top and large mirror, supplied with a dressing-case, containing combs, brushes, and all other appliances needful for the most refined toilette. Then there was a large bureau with the drawers open, displaying wearing apparel, and a wardrobe whose open doors seemed to invite poor Sallie to help herself to the dresses within. Another open door led to the dressing-room, with its bathing apparatus.

Sallie stood in a complete maze, breathless

and trembling. A superstitious awe crept over her ; everything seemed to her excited imagination weird and supernatural. At length she gained courage to step softly forward ; she was startled by a figure advancing to meet her. She absolutely shrieked with terror. Fortunately, no one heard the shriek. The figure was Sallie's own, in a large cheval-glass which stood nearly opposite the door. It was in very truth a startling sight to one who had never before seen herself reflected from top to toe. Sallie's first thought was, "How tall I am for a girl not quite fourteen !" The next was, "What a forlorn-looking creature ! Why, this frock is entirely outgrown ! It's clear up above my ankles. How could Mr. Newton take a fancy to such a distressed-looking girl ! What stockings and shoes ! What a bonnet !" And Sallie actually laughed at herself.

The first bell rang for dinner. Sallie threw off her bonnet and shawl *on the floor*. What *should* she put on ? She dreaded to touch a single article. Before she was half-dressed, the second bell rang. She hurried on the first

frock she laid her hand upon. It happened to be the best in the wardrobe.

A gentle tap at the door gave her new alarm. "Who is it?" she ventured to ask.

"It's only me, Miss. I am Bridget, the chambermaid, and have come to help you!"

Sallie opened the door, and Bridget assisted her to finish dressing, and then showed her the way to the dining-room.

The rustle of the rich silk, as Sallie moved along, seemed to her excited mind like the whispering of evil spirits reproaching her.

Mr. Newton rose from the table where he was already seated, and formally introduced Miss Sallie Sabor to Miss Almira Cuffman.

A blindness came before Sallie's eyes; she could scarcely find her way to the chair behind which a waiter stood bowing and beckoning. "Sallie *Sabor!*" thought she, wonderingly.

Miss Mira sat up stiff and glum, looking as though she had fed all her life on sour-kroust. Sallie had been accustomed to take her scanty meals standing, in the back-shed, or sitting in a corner, by a low bench. For two or three years she had not eaten a regular meal at table.

No wonder she did not know how to manage a napkin, and silver fork! Is it astonishing that she spilled the soup on her new silk dress, cut her mouth with a knife, and knocked over a goblet of water? Is it incredible that she could not swallow two mouthfuls? She felt choked up to her very lips, and the tears kept coming into her eyes. Miss Mira scowled and fidgetted and groaned, and groaned and fidgetted and scowled, but she had promised Mr. Newton to make no remarks, and was obliged to keep her word.

Mr. Newton heaped Sallie's plate with one thing after another, but how could she swallow! He talked to her kindly, but how could she answer a word?

To her great relief, Frisk found his way to the dining-room, came to her side, licked her hand, and looked lovingly in her face. He was a friend in need. Two great tears rolled over Sallie's cheeks, but there was "a smile on her lip."

"This is a bran new trick of that 'are dog; turn him out," said Miss Mira, to the waiter.

"No, no, let him alone; he has come to

welcome his friend. Good fellow! How did you know she was here? Sallie, if you really will not take any dinner, you may have a run with Frisk in the garden, and I will soon join you there," said Mr. Newton.

Sallie was glad to be relieved from the torment of sitting at table, and could breathe again when she found herself in the open air. With Frisk and the flowers she was quite cheerful.

As soon as she was out of hearing, Miss Mira began, "Now, Timothy, don't you see how absurd you are? You might as well bring a pig from the gutter to your table? The slut-tish thing, she put on the very best dress the first day, and was the ruination of it."

Mr. Newton.—You must give the frightened thing time to recover. She flutters like a newly-caged bird. Have patience, Mira, and teach her how to behave.

Miss Mira.—She will never be a becoming person at our table.

Mr. Newton.—But the blue silk was wonderfully becoming to her. The likeness of which I have so frequently spoken was more striking

than ever. Even her small hands are like *hers*. And Mr. Newton pointed to the portrait over the mantel-piece.

Miss Mira.—You are the most *prantastic* man that ever trod sole-leather. Sallie's red paws, with their ten black nails, like those lily-white hands yonder! Timothy! you sartingly are getting into your *doterage*.

Mr. Newton.—Yet I am ten years younger than you.

Miss Mira.—You wont outlive your crotchets and whim-whams if you should live to be as old as *Bethuselah*.

Mr. Newton.—I must have something to love and to live for. I do not wish to marry again.

Miss Mira.—Marry! That would be worse than any crankum you have yet taken into your noddle.

Mr. Newton.—Agreed. Then you must be very kind to Sallie. I shall leave home this evening for a few days, and you must do everything in your power to make the house agreeable to our young friend. I will go to her now, and try my best to make her feel at ease.

As Mr. Newton left the room, Miss Mira

brought down her fist so forcibly on the dinner table, that all the glass rang and rattled—“He shan’t marry again, at any rate,” said she to herself.

Mr. Newton found Sallie in the garden, kneeling on the soft, dark mould, inhaling the fragrance of a rose-geranium. She started up when she saw the expression of his countenance, sure that she had done something wrong, but not conscious what it was. Poor Sallie had been accustomed to take no more care of her clothing than a cat does of its skin, and when she knelt before the beautiful flower, she did not think of her beautiful silk frock, to which she had added two large dark stains. The expression of displeasure on Mr. Newton’s benevolent countenance, soon gave place to a kindly smile.

“Sallie, I have brought you a few raisins and an orange from the dessert, which you did not taste, and have come to eat my nuts with you, while we walk about the garden. Go and get your *white sun bonnet*, for you must not come in the garden without a bonnet.”

Sallie ran up stairs to her room. There lay

every article of dress she had taken off, scattered about—she kicked them into a heap in one corner, and from the wardrobe took down the snowy-white bonnet, leaving the prints of four dirty fingers from her very first touch.

The walk in the garden was delightful, notwithstanding Sallie's adding plenty of orange juice, to the soup and the dirt stains on her blue silk dress. Mr. Newton told her he was exceedingly pleased with her love of flowers, and then he described the cactus and other tropical plants as he had seen them growing in their native clime. He spoke of the manners and customs of different nations—the filth of the Hottentots contrasted with the neatness of civilized and refined nations, and ended with a gentle moral lecture on the beauty of neatness in dress and person. He ended by saying, "Now, Sallie, go to your room, take a bath, and change your dress *throughout*. Excuse me for reminding you to brush carefully your hair, teeth, and nails."

Poor Sallie had never owned a brush of any kind, and never had used any but a scrubbing-brush. She was pondering over the variety of

brushes in her dressing-case, when Bridget entered. "I have come to fix your bath for you, Miss. Here, now, you see you turn this 'ere silver thing when you want cold water, and t'other for warm. Then you can have your bath as warm or as cold as you please. I guess you never seed a bath before," said Bridget, with a sneer.

It will be remembered that Sallie was very sensitive to ridicule; she felt that she was an object of contempt to Bridget, and resolved she would have no more assistance from her.

The bathing and brushing, vigorously performed by Sallie, wonderfully improved her appearance, and when she went down to tea in a simple white dress, though her complexion was browned by exposure, and her hands quite red, she was as pretty a girl as one ought to wish to see; Miss Mira herself confessed that she was "quite decentish."

Again, at table, that awful constraint came over her, and with difficulty she took a swallow of water and a bit of toast—saying she did not wish any tea. The fact was, she was afraid of breaking one of those Dresden china tea-cups.

As for cake, she durst not touch a morsel from the silver cake-basket.

Soon after tea, Mr. Newton told Sallie she might retire to her room, as he had an engagement; he did not mention that he was going to leave home.

When Sallie entered her room, two tall spermaceti candles, in silver candlesticks, stood lighted upon her dressing-table; the bed-clothes were folded down, and her night-dress placed on the pillows. Again she saw herself in the cheval-glass and started with terror. The superstitious awe to which she was subject came over her with overwhelming power. She imagined the lights burnt blue. Every object about her assumed a ghost-like appearance. The innocent, tasteful bed-curtains to her were frightful; she wouldn't sleep under them, she thought, for the world, on that pure white bed. She walked about on tiptoe, holding her breath, or sat on the floor, with her eyes fixed on those shadowy curtains, till she began to be sleepy. Then she threw herself on the carpet, covered herself with the hearth-rug, and soon fell asleep.

Bridget was sent by the careful Miss Mira, to put out the lights. There was no one in the bed, it was just as she had arranged it. She saw the heap near the fire-place, and found that it was poor Sallie under the rug. So she extinguished the candles, stept softly out of the room, and gently closed the door. Then she went down to the kitchen, and amused the other servants by telling how the new-comer lay on the floor because she did not know a bed was made to sleep in any more than she did that a bath-tub was made to bathe in; and they all considered it the best joke that Bridget had ever told; though they didn't believe it was true.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DAY AT FAIRBANK.

WHEN Sallie awoke the next morning, it was sometime before she could convince herself that she was not still dreaming. She rubbed her eyes and pinched her arm to know if she were really wide awake. "True," said she, "it is I, poor Sallie; I don't know why they call me Sabor. Yesterday morning I was dressed in dirty ragged clothes, and slept in the old garret!"

She started up at the sound of the breakfast-bell. She was already dressed, but so wrinkled and tumbled! While she was deliberating what to do, Bridget came to say that it was the second breakfast-bell, and Miss Mira was waiting. So Sallie hurried down just as she was;

Bridget walking behind her ready to giggle out at the new-comer's odd ways.

Though Sallie was now absolutely hungry, she could eat but little, while the keen eyes of Miss Mira were fixed upon her.

That stately person, merely condescended to inform her that Mr. Newton had gone from home, for a few days, and had left word that Sallie might take the carriage and call for Jenny Brice to come and pass the day with her. At this announcement Sallie brightened, and found words to thank Miss Mira.

From real delicacy towards her dear Jenny, Sallie now put on the plainest dress she could find, and the white sun-bonnet, instead of a nice straw one which hung beside it in the wardrobe. From the same motive she begged the coachman to stop a few doors from Mrs. Brice's cottage. Sallie was so truly generous that she could not bear to seem superior, in any respect, to her dear Jenny.

Mrs. Brice and Jenny had not heard a syllable about the sudden change in Sallie's condition, and were much surprised when she ran in as usual, without knocking, threw her

arms around Jenny's neck, and kissed her again and again. Was it not queer? Sallie had never dared to kiss sweet Jenny before. She had felt the wide distance between them; now, that she was nice and clean, like her friend, and overjoyed to see her, she could not bear to release her from the close embrace.

"Why, Sallie! how neatly you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Brice.

Sallie.—I suppose I do, but I don't feel that I have any right to these nice things. Mr. Newton has taken me to Fairbank to live, and given me lots of nice frocks and everything a lady could think of to use and to wear. Oh, Jenny, I wish it was you instead of me.

Jenny, the staid little Jenny, jumped up and down, and clapped her hands, saying, "Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad, I don't know what to do!"

"Do!" said Sallie, "come with me to Fairbank; Mr. Newton's carriage is waiting for us, just by the corner yonder. Please, Mrs. Brice, let her go with me."

Mrs. Brice.—She may go; but Jenny first take the gingerbread out of the oven

Jenny took the gingerbread out of the oven.

While Mrs. Brice asked dozens of questions, Sallie's eyes were on the gingerbread, and its delicious flavor had apparently rendered her quite deaf, for she answered none.

Her wishful, or rather devouring look, was noticed by the old lady, and she told Jenny to break up a "card" of it and hand it round.

"Oh, how excellent it is, Jenny!" said Sallie, gobbling it down so hot that it almost burnt her throat; "I am hungry as a bear, and never tasted anything so nice in all my life; and to think you made it, too!"

They did not doubt that Sallie was hungry, when they saw piece after piece disappear, till the whole "card" was gone, and wondered much that she could have so voracious an appetite.

"I don't feel easy at Fairbank, and my meals choke me there," said Sallie. "I wonder if I shall ever be able to eat before that awful Miss Mira."

As Jenny and Sallie entered the hall at Fairbank, they were met by the "awful Miss Mira." An ominous frown was on her brow.

“Sallie Sabor,” said she in an angry tone, “was there ever such a slut brought into a decent house? Go to your room; show this tidy-looking girl how you have left it, and perhaps she will teach you how to put up your clothes in their proper places. You are to keep that elegant room in perfect order, girl. Throw away or give away the nasty duds you brought with you. Mr. Newton says I must make you neat, but a mighty task I shall have of it. I would as soon undertake to make old Frisk dance a *hornpike*. Go along! Don’t stand staring and gaping at me as if I was some *monstrous persimon* of my sect.”

Sallie gladly escaped with Jenny to her room, and found it, indeed, in sad confusion. Sallie gave herself up to crying, but Jenny went about putting everything in place. “Oh this nice, beautiful silk dress. Is it possible you have only worn it once. It ought to have lasted years. I am sorry you are so careless, Sallie. Can’t you learn to be neat?” said Jenny.

“What’s the use?” sobbed out Sallie. “It only gives one a mighty deal of trouble.”

“Not when you are once accustomed to it; then it saves a great deal of trouble. Have you looked at this beautiful work-table?”

“No; I didn’t know what it was.”

Jenny lifted the top of an inlaid work-table, and showed Sallie all the conveniences of scissors, needles, spools, &c., &c., within.

“A gold thimble, too, marked ‘Sallie.’ I should think you would be delighted,” said she.

“If I could only feel that I had a right to all these beautiful things!” answered Sallie, sorrowfully.

“But you have. Look here! If here isn’t a purse with money in it—a green and gold purse! Was ever anybody so generous as Mr. Newton,” said the delighted Jenny. “Let’s see what’s in it; open it, Sallie. A little paper parcel directed to ‘Sallie Sabor.’”

Sallie unrolled the paper, and found in it twenty-five dollars in gold. On the paper was written, “Spending money for Sallie; to be used generously and prudently.”

“Take it, Jenny, purse and all—it is yours. I am so glad I have something to give you at

last," said Sallie, poking purse and money into Jenny's hand.

"No, no ; not a penny of it," replied Jenny. "You are to use it prudently as well as generously."

Sallie.—It is just the most prudent thing I can do with it, Jenny. Pray take it, Jenny, for I have here more than I shall ever use. Such lots of things !

Jenny.—Let us look at all your nice clothing. You may soon want gloves or shoes, and then you will not be obliged to ask Mr. Newton for them. He is so thoughtful and kind.

Sallie.—Ah, if I could only feel that I had a right here, and knew how to behave. But I don't and I can't.

Jenny.—Your dressing-room ! Is it not charming ? Do you take a bath every day ? I have a cousin in New York who has just such nice things ; and when I was there, I enjoyed her bath more than anything else.

Sallie.—Every day ! How could you think of such a thing ! Once a week I should think would be quite enough.

Jenny.—Every day, Sallie ; it is a pleasure,

and not a trouble. You know you must be very, *very* neat.

Sallie.—What a trouble! Just such bad luck must come to me.

Jenny.—No, no, Sallie; you are naughty. A kind Providence has given you one of the best of friends in Mr. Newton.

Sallie.—I can't enjoy anything here. I feel as if I were walking on eggs all the while. I can't believe I am the same girl I was yesterday.

Jenny.—Come; let me curl your hair; you have very pretty hair, Sallie, if you only keep it in order.

Sallie.—Don't flatter me, Jenny; pray don't. I am a poor, disagreeable, ugly thing; not fit to be in this grand house, and be rigged out in these elegant things. You say I ought to be grateful—*ought* is one thing, and *is* another. I wish I could throw myself in the fish-pond.

Jenny.—Oh! don't be so wicked! Now we have put all things in order, let us go about the garden and greenhouse.

Sallie.—I cannot feel that I have any right

to go even into the garden. I seem like an interloper—but I will go with you.

Jenny.—Throw off all these scruples ; try to feel free, and enjoy what is so kindly and so freely given.

Sallie.—I do try, but I cannot enjoy anything here, under the eye of Miss Mira.

The garden, however, drew Sallie's thoughts from everything disagreeable, and she wandered about with the delighted Jenny till the dinner-bell rang.

Miss Mira had taken a new whim into her ungracious mind. She was utterly silent, sitting up stiff and forbidding as a statue of chalk, at the head of the table. The waiter carved and handed the girls what they needed ; but a dose of ipecacuanha could not more effectually have spoiled their appetite than did the silent, scowling somebody, who did not even look at them.

Jenny endeavored to talk to Sallie, but her voice sank to a whisper, and finally ceased entirely.

As soon as the formal ceremony of dinner was over, Miss Mira said to Jenny :

“Little girl, you can run home, now ; there’s no need of a carriage for one who has used nothing but sheep’s trotters all her life.”

Jenny was not slow to obey this order. She was soon on her way ; Sallie followed her to the gate, and when they parted, both were in tears.

As Sallie returned to the house she met Miss Mira on the piazza.

“Go to your room,” said she. “Throw out all the miserable things you brought with you, and have them burnt ; no doubt there’s grease enough in them to make a *splenderiferous* bonfire.”

Sallie retreated to her room glowing with anger.

Jenny had put everything in order, laying away Sallie’s old garments by themselves. The poor girl now felt an attachment for them, and determined to put them in the bandbox that had been sent, and keep them out of sight.

She opened the band-box for the purpose. There, was the big velvet bonnet that had caused her so much mortification. There was the milk-jug of Dresden china given by Mr.

Newton to supply the place of the one she had broken; besides, there were a few cups and saucers, and two plates of the same china, which Mrs. Macer had only used on special occasions. Then there were fragments of dresses such as Sallie remembered to have worn; several lace caps, as yellow as saffron, and a soiled white satin dress, made in a very old fashion. At the bottom of the bandbox were several books.

The first that Sallie opened was a Bible. On the fly-leaf was written, "S. S. Belknap; with the love and blessing of her mother, on her seventeenth birth-day."

S. S. B.—the very initials on her mother's wedding-ring!

The next, a well-worn copy of Wilson's *Sacra Privata*. Besides, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Cowper's *Task*, and Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*.

"Can it be that these things belonged to my mother!" exclaimed Sallie. "Why, if they did not, should Mrs. Macer have sent them here? Oh, mother, mother, tell me what to do! where shall your poor child go?"

Sallie waited in breathless agitation, as though she expected indeed to hear the voice of her sainted mother. She was still sitting on the floor in the midst of these mementoes when the tea-bell rang. Sallie took no notice of it, determined to absent herself. But Miss Mira sent Bridget with peremptory orders to have her come down immediately.

She went with a flushed face and beating heart. The moment she lifted the cup of tea to her lips, it fell and dashed to pieces, and the tea was spilled over the table.

Miss Mira shrieked, jumped up, gave Sallie a push that sent her out of her chair, half across the room, and told her not to show her face down stairs again till she had learned to behave herself.

Sallie hastened to her own room, and turned the key of the door.

The twilight now gleamed through the windows, and gave a soft, melancholy hue to every object.

“I will not stay here,” exclaimed Sallie, passionately. “I will go to Mrs. Macer and

ask her about my mother ; and then, I will go somewhere and work for my living."

With mysterious awe the girl folded the satin dress which she doubted not had been her mother's bridal attire, and replaced it with the other contents of the bandbox. Then she dressed herself in the clothing she had worn from Mrs. Macer's, and hung up or hid away every article she had worn at Fairbank.

Her old stockings and shoes had disappeared ; and having determined to wear nothing that she had not brought with her, she was forced to go barefoot.

"I cannot stay here," she whispered to herself, "where my mother haunts me like a ghost."

Sallie forgot that ghosts are the most unreal things on earth.

By the time the poor girl was ready to depart, the full moon had risen, and the white curtains were even more fearful to her excited imagination than by twilight.

She took the small Bible, supposed to belong to her mother, and put it in her pocket, with the dollar Mrs. Macer had given her at parting. Then she stepped softly with her bare feet out

of the room, locked the door, and as she went down stairs, placed the key under the stair-carpet. As she swiftly glided down the avenue to the gate, Frisk came after her, as fast as he could ; he did not bark, but whined piteously.

“ Poor fellow,” whispered Sallie, “ I can’t take you along, it would not be right. Go back.” But Frisk followed her to the gate, and it was some time before she could shut him in, and escape. Then she ran, full speed, towards the old house where she intended to pass the night. No one met her on the way. When she reached the house it looked dismal and forsaken ; with trembling limbs she climbed up to the dormant window on the low roof, and easily gained admittance.

Everything there was just as she had left it. As the moonlight fell upon the old looking-glass, it seemed the face of a familiar friend. The clothing she had left lay scattered about. She made up a small bundle, and then lay down without undressing, on the old cot-bedstead, from which the thin straw bed had not been deemed worth removing.

It was long before she could sleep. Of all

the omens that Sallie dreaded, none was more terrific to her than the howl of a dog. As it now reached her ear, it made her shudder and wrap her head in the pillow. In this way she fell asleep, and did not awake till the early dawn came in at the window.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RUNAWAYS.

SALLIE started up; remembered slowly how she came to be asleep in the old place, and soon made her way to the ground. There was Frisk, wagging his tail for joy; he it was, who had so terrified Sallie late at night. The little French baker over the way, was just opening his shop-window, as Sallie stepped out of the front door of the old house. He beckoned to her to come across the street.

“Hab you get your leetle ring? I gib it to de lady for you. Ver’ sorry I loose him so long.”

“I have it on my finger;” said Sallie, showing the ring. “Please sell me a couple of rolls.” The baker handed the rolls and Sallie offered him the silver dollar Mrs. Macer had

given her. He threw it on the counter, it rang "good and true."

"Dis all de moneys you hab?" he enquired, meaning, "have you no change?"

Sallie blushed as she replied, "It is, sir."

"Vell, den, you may hab de rolls to-day for nothing, and not leave de leetle ring. De lady was much pleased vid you when I gib her de ring. She say, 'good girl, good girl.'"

Sallie bade the baker good morning, and walked rapidly away, followed by Frisk. When she reached the road leading to Fairbank she tried to induce the dog to go home. She coaxed, and she threatened; she even took up a stone, pretending she would throw it at him. He looked frightened and ashamed, but crouched at her feet and turned his great eyes wistfully up at her face.

"Well, then, I must run away from you, Frisk, for I will take nothing from Fairbank that belongs there;" so saying, Sallie ran as fast as she could; but the dog ran as fast as she did, though he panted for breath and lolled out his tongue.

After running in this way for a whole mile,

Sallie slackened her pace and said, "Poor fellow, it is too bad to make you run at this rate; besides, Frisk, if anybody should see us they would know we were runaways." She then seated herself under an apple-tree by the roadside, and dividing one of her rolls with Frisk, said, "You shall have some breakfast, and afterwards you will go home."

The dog again turned those large, expressive eyes to Sallie's face and licked her hand.

"This dog," thought she, "has such a human look, that I am almost afraid of him. He really is the best friend, next to Jenny Brice, that *poor* Sallie has. It is hard for me to drive him away."

She then started up, flung the other roll as far as she could towards Fairbank, and pointed to have Frisk go and eat it. He went, picked it up, and brought it back to Sallie.

"Well, Frisk, you are determined to run away from your master, and I cannot help it. The wonder is, that both of us should forsake such a beautiful home. Queer, queer, isn't it, Frisk, that you should like me, poor forlorn me?"

She now walked on with a countenance as bright and rosy as that May morning; the natural hilarity of her disposition excited by the pure morning air. The dew sparkled upon the fresh grass; the birds sang their merry matin hymns, and a little brook by the wayside, where she quenched her thirst, went dancing along over the smooth pebbles to its own sweet music. Sallie herself could have danced with right good will, so happy was she to be free from the dire restraint under which she had suffered during the last two days. True; the sharp stones on the road would hurt her feet, but she was used to that, and did not mind it as she did sharp words.

After walking a while in this cheerful mood, with Frisk trotting by her side, she said, "I am sorry for Mr. Newton; you are an ungrateful dog, Frisk, and I suppose I am an ungrateful girl. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for running away; you can do nothing but eat and sleep. I can work, and therefore had no right to all those beautiful clothes while I did nothing. You are a dog, and he brought you up. You belong to him, but I do not; for

Mrs. Macer had no right to tell me to do nothing. I felt like a thief when I put on those fine frocks. How could I help it, Frisk?"

A miller, in a wagon partly loaded with bags of meal, now came along, and, seeing Sallie was barefoot, stopped his horses, and said, "Jump in, and ride; I suppose you are going to school?"

"If you will take the dog, too," said Sallie.

"Yes, yes; jump in."

Sallie was about to tell the miller that she was not going to school, but he began to whistle and did not hear her. He said no more, but sang and whistled as he drove along for two miles farther, and then stopped at a small brown school house by the roadside.

Sallie and her companion jumped out of the wagon.

"Early to school this morning, my pretty Miss," said the miller, as he gave the whip to his horses, and drove off, without giving her an opportunity to thank him.

She now walked on briskly to escape meeting the children, who would soon be coming to school, but had not gone far before she met

Harry Thomson, who was taking a morning ride on his pony. She held down her head, hoping he would not know her; but he stopped suddenly, just by her, and halloed, so that the woods rang with the echo.

“ Good morning! Good morning! You are taking a long walk, early. How came you so far from home? Your feet are bleeding, Sallie. Get up behind me on Scipio, and I will give you a ride.”

“ No, I thank you, *Mr. Thomson*, I am going the other way.”

“ I thought you had gone to Mr. Newton’s to live. Father told me you had.”

“ I am in a hurry; good morning,” said Sallie, walking onward.

“ You are too pretty to be cross, Sallie,” said Harry, turning around, and walking his horse by her side. “ Whose fat, ugly dog is that? Oh, I see, it is my old enemy; Mr. Newton’s dog!”

“ It is Mr. Newton’s; please take him back with you, and shut him inside the gate, at Fairbank. His name is Frisk.”

“ Frisk, is it! It must be an age since he

deserved that name. I should think now you live with Mr. Newton, he might give you some better clothes. Do you remember the day you wore that *awful* gunboat to church? Though I laughed, Sallie, I was right-down mad at Mrs. Macer for letting you wear one of her abominable old-times bonnets."

"I am in a hurry," said Sallie, walking as fast as she could.

"I don't like Mr. Newton, if he sends you on long errands without shoes and stockings, and I'll take an opportunity to tell him so. He serves you even worse than Mrs. Macer; and Jenny Brice told me her treatment was horrid. Why don't Mr. Newton send one of his men-servants on his errands," asked Harry.

"I am not going on an errand for Mr. Newton. He is not unkind to me," said Sallie, while her eyes filled with tears.

"Then why do you cry? You are a generous girl; Jenny Brice always insisted on it, that you were the most generous girl she ever knew; but, Sallie, I did not know before that you were so mighty pretty. If you only dressed decently you would be one of the prettiest

girls in Snowton. How nicely your hair curls!"

"Please don't make fun of me, Mr. Thomson. I really am in a great hurry."

"Oh! you are afraid of being punished when you get home to Fairbank. I owe Mr. Newton a grudge, and if he punishes you, I will pay him; that I will. Good morning. Come Frisk, Frisk, come home."

The dog barked and would not stir an inch. Fearing Harry would be angry with him, Sallie said: "Never mind; he will not go. Don't be displeased with Mr. Newton; he is one of the kindest and most generous men that ever lived."

"Kind and generous! You look like it, with your bare feet and miserable dress! He's a miser;" said Harry as he cantered off, leaving Sallie to lament over his unjust accusations.

Nothing could have pained her more than to have blame thrown where it was so entirely undeserved. Sallie was pained too by Harry's ridicule, as she deemed it; for she was not vain, and had seldom heard anything said of

her personal appearance. Twice that morning she had been called pretty, and, no doubt, if there had been a looking-glass at hand, she would have appealed to it, to know what it meant.

She now began to meet children going to the brown school-house. They stared at the strange girl, with the fat dog, as they passed, and one said, "That's a queer traveller; did you see the bundle under her arm?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I should think she had run away from the alms-house, if it warn't for that fat dog. He hasn't been fed on dry crusts and bare bones."

When she had walked out of their hearing, she said, "Frisk, you look like a gentleman's dog; there's no denying it. *Poor Sallie* looks like an alms-house girl. You ought to know better than to keep such company."

When Sallie arrived at the next village she stopped at a baker's and bought some gingerbread; while eating it in the shop she inquired where the butcher's shop was, for she wanted to buy a piece of meat for the dog.

The baker said, he could let her have a

piece of meat, but he should ask her six cents for it. She handed him the dollar, and told him to take his pay for the gingerbread and the meat.

The baker stared at the barefooted girl, and then at the dollar:—"Your'e a mighty queer customer—two cents for your own dinner, and six for your dog, and a silver dollar to pay with, when all the clothes on your back are not worth three shillings. You must have stolen this dollar."

"No, indeed, I did not: it was given me by the lady I lived with last, when I left her; it is my own money. Pray don't say I did such a wicked, mean thing as to steal it; besides, it's all the money I've got in the world."

"Well, you do look like an honest girl, but there's something most uncommon queer in your ways. The dog shall have the meat for six cents, and here's your change."

"Please take two cents more, and give me a glass of water," said Sallie.

"Pay for a glass of water!" exclaimed the baker; but he took the pennies that Sallie laid on the counter.

While the dog was eating the very small piece of meat given him by the baker, the man called his wife into the shop, and consulted her whether he had not better send the girl to the alms-house, till he found out where she came from, and if she had stolen the money ; “ for,” said he, “ she is so free with it, she could not have come honestly by it.”

The baker’s wife came forward, and, settling her fat arms on the counter, looked in Sallie’s face, and said :—

“ Girl, what’s your name, and where did you come from ?”

“ They call me poor Sallie, and I came from Snowton.”

“ Where are you going ?”

“ To Dermerville.”

“ It’s a long walk ; who do you live with ?”

“ Nobody.”

“ Then you are a wagrant. Sam, you are right ; likely as not she stole the money.”

“ No, indeed ; Mrs. Macer gave me the money.”

“ Mrs. Macer ! a likely story. I knew all

about that woman. She hadn't money to pay her own debts. I don't believe you."

"I have lived with her three years, and she never gave me any money before; but when I was going away she gave me that silver dollar."

"I suppose she thought that was paying you enough for three years' work. Just like her. Husband, I believe she tells the truth. Look at her rigging; its *precisely* such as I should know that Mrs. Macer would give her. Do you want a place?"

"Not in this village; I am going farther."

"Well, supposing we let her go. She's a nice-spoken girl, though she's a kind of a a wagrant, as one may say, because she's out of a place. Better luck to you next time, when you get a new place."

Sallie was glad to get away from the baker and his wife, with the change in her pocket. She hurried on till she came to the end of the village, where three roads met.

The sign-boards had been defaced by some mischievous boys, and she could not make them out, so, at a venture, she took the middle road, which did *not* lead to Dermerville.

Soon she met an old man, and inquired if that was the right road to Dermerville. He was deaf as a post, but not being willing to own it, said "Yes," to the unheard question, and Sallie thanked him kindly, and went on cheerily, without farther inquiry.

The sun was now sinking towards his nightly resting-place, and yet no village was in sight. She knew it was larger than Snowton, for she had frequently heard Mrs. Macer boast that it was a "very fashionable place, with much better society than any in Snowton, or fifty miles around it."

The poor girl was weary, and so was Frisk. She sat down by the wayside to rest; the dog stretched himself on the grass.

"Poor Frisk! how you pant!" said Sallie, patting him tenderly; "I am afraid this journey will kill you, and I shall have your death to answer for."

The white foam was upon the lips of the dog, and his long tongue hung out of his mouth.

"Oh dear, dear, dear! He is going mad, I do believe. That would be dreadful! I certainly am the most unlucky creature on earth.

To-day isn't Friday. I knew though when the dog howled last night, something awful must happen!"

There were scattered farm houses in the distance, and lights began to glimmer from their windows; but Sallie had been so frightened by the suspicions of the baker and his wife, that she did not dare to ask of the farmers a night's lodging. Sallie leaned her hand against the fence, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. She was awakened by a loud clap of thunder. The night had set in dark and stormy. She could see nothing but those distant lights. Even Frisk she could no longer discern, but his hard breathing assured her that he was near. Again came a clap of thunder and vivid lightning.

"Oh I wish I had stayed at Fairbank! Frisk will die; and I have killed him. Oh dear, dear!" She untied the bundle, and putting the Bible in her pocket, spread a frock and apron over the dog.

The lightning flashed incessantly. Sallie shut her eyes in vain to keep it out. She was

in an agony of terror as she sat resting her elbows on her knees, with her hands over her eyes.

A vivid flash of lightning, accompanied at the same instant with tremendous thunder, brought her to her feet. A tree at no great distance had been shivered by the stroke. Poor houseless wanderer! She even pitied herself.

“Poor Sallie! Poor Sallie! God is angry with her.

She did not know that the lightning was a merciful dispensation of Providence to purify the atmosphere,—as necessary for man as the rain and the cheerful sunshine, or the gentle dew upon the flowers. The superstitious and ignorant listen to the thunder as the voice of divine vengeance, while the enlightened Christian recognizes it as the sublime utterance of “good will to man.”

Sallie clasped the Bible to her bosom in her agony, with a superstitious feeling that there was protection in having it near, instead of

realizing the divine truth which it contained, that God is a reconciled Father, through Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. NEWTON'S STORY.

MR. NEWTON returned from town after two days' absence. It was just sunset when he arrived. He walked home from the stage office in Snowton, and on the way, met Jenny Brice, who was going to Fairbank.

Jenny had seen Harry Thomson, and been much troubled by the account he gave, of having seen Sallie, at a distance from home, bare-footed and forlorn. She prudently forbore mentioning this startling news, and walked onward with Mr. Newton.

“I have engaged a friend to take charge of Sallie,” said he. “I do not call her a governess, although she will be her teacher. There are many matters about which Sallie is igno-

rant, and Miss Wentworth, both by precept and example, will guide her gently into right conduct. I wish you, too, Jenny, to come and receive her instructions with Sallie, in English and French studies, and in music."

"I should be but too happy to enjoy such a privilege," replied Jenny.

"I wish to do as much good as possible to young people in my own way, for I am a lonely, disappointed man."

Jenny looked earnestly at Mr. Newton, with glistening tears in her eyes.

Mr. Newton.—There is a soothing influence in your sweet sympathy; I will tell you some of the events in my life, which have had an influence on my present circumstances and character. When I was just ready to enter Harvard University, at the age of fifteen, I took a sudden fancy to go to sea. My mother was a widow. I ran away from her and went on a whaling-voyage before the mast. I was absent three years. When I returned my mother was dead. There was nothing for me but to continue the course of life I had chosen for myself. Through many trials and hardships, I

went on till I became the captain of a ship. Then I married one of the loveliest of women. Soon after my marriage I went in command of a vessel to the East Indies, and was absent two years. On my return, I found a beautiful little girl had been added to my earthly treasures. I remained at home for two whole years; but having no other way of supporting my family, I again went to sea. On that voyage, I met with various disasters, and was at last shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, losing everything but the clothing on my back, and the miniature of my wife and child, which I wore about my neck. I will not pain your kind heart by relating the sufferings I endured, while a captive in Africa. I made my way at last to Alexandria, in Egypt, and from thence shipped as a common sailor to London.

On my arrival in that city, the first place to which I directed my footsteps was the New England coffee-house, and the first enquiry I made was for a file of Boston newspapers. I ran my eye over four or five dozen papers without finding anything of special interest; but at last I came to a paragraph under the head of

Deaths—every word of which I can now repeat:—“Died, in Boston, Nov. 13th, Sarah Sabrina, wife of the late Timothy Newton, who was wrecked in the ship Fanny, of Newburyport, and an only daughter, six years of age. Mrs. Newton bore a long and painful illness, during which she suffered from extreme poverty, with truly Christian resignation, and, after a life of exemplary piety, has gone to her final reward.”

I read these words over and over again, and then walked out of the coffee-house in a kind of stupor. The blow had stunned me to apathy; though the words of that paragraph were burnt into my heart, I have never uttered them before, from that day to this.

There was no longer a home for me in the United States. I knew several merchants in London, one of whom was a bachelor uncle of mine, who had formerly lived in this country. He it was who owned Fairbank, and from whom I recently inherited a large fortune, on the condition that I should reside at Fairbank.

Through these merchants I obtained the command of a fine ship sailing from London to

the East Indies, and in that service continued for six years. The death of my uncle, and the clause in his will which made it necessary for me to reside here, induced me to return to my own country. I have looked up all the relations I have left, and am aiding them with my means. One of them, Mrs. Anderson, had kept Frisk as a watch-dog during my long absence. Evelina Anderson, her daughter, strongly resembled my lost darling; but, alas! she has sadly disappointed me, and Miss Almira Cuffman, my cousin, does not add to the comfort of my house. I have taken a fancy to poor Sallie, and do earnestly hope she may not prove unworthy of my paternal regard.

As Mr. Newton said these words he opened the gate, and they walked up the avenue. Jenny trembled with agitation as she advanced, and was not much surprised when they were met at the door by Miss Mira, who burst into her usual exclamation,—“Massyful patience! Timothy Newton, what kind of a *hanimal* do you think you be got in your house now? That girl has locked the door of her room, and hasn’t been down stairs the whole live-long day.”

“She is afraid of you, I suppose. I will go directly and speak to her. Come Jenny, she will be glad to see you.” Thus saying, Mr. Newton, followed by Jenny, hastened to the door of Sallie's room.

He knocked and called in vain. He entreated Sallie to open to Jenny, who had come to stay all night with her; at least, he would ask her grandmother to allow her to remain.

Jenny by this time, in the midst of sobbing and tears, found words to say, “She is not there. Harry Thomson saw her this morning, three or four miles from the village, on the Dermerville turnpike.”

As she said this, Bridget, the chambermaid, came forward with a key in her hand:—“Can this be the key of Miss Sabor's room?” she inquired, hesitatingly. “I have just this minute found it under the carpet, on the stairs; but I don't know that it's the key.” Mr. Newton unlocked the door, and entered, followed by Jenny and Miss Mira. The room was in confusion; the drawers of the bureau, the dressing and the work-table were open. The money was gone from the green-silk purse, the gold

thimble, and several other articles from the workbox, and various articles from Sallie's wardrobe.

"I knew, I knew no good was in that Sallie! I told you so! I told you so! To think of your taking a thief into your house! This time youv'e cotched a *cream-a-tartar*. What are you about with them old duds in her bandbox?" shrieked out Miss Mira.

Mr. Newton was standing with one of the books from the bandbox in his hand, a copy of Young's Night Thoughts, which he had given to his wife just before his marriage, and in which he had himself written her name. There it still was, "Sarah Sabrina Belknap, from T. N."

"You are so charmed with that book, Timothy, that you quite forget what you are about. You will have to send out after that runaway thief, and scour the country to find her."

"Do not call poor Sallie such hard names, Miss Almira; I would venture my life that she is perfectly honest," said Jenny.

"She had a right to all that was in this room. I gave everything to her unreservedly,"

said Mr. Newton. "Here is an astonishing mystery. Poor Sallie may be my own Sabrina."

"Your child! Why havn't I seen her in her grave! The man is crazy as a loon! Why Timothy, come to your senses, man!" exclaimed Miss Mira.

"You say you saw my darling in her grave. How can that be?" demanded Mr. Newton, still examining the contents of the bandbox.

"At least I've seen the *splendiferous monerment* of white marble, in the graveyard where you had it put up, with the names of the mother and child."

"But they were not buried there. Can there be any mistake? No, it is impossible! I must, however, find the unfortunate wanderer, and learn how these things came into her possession."

Miss Mira.—She stole them: I'll warrant she did!

Jenny.—Sally is as honest as the day. I never knew her to say a thing that was not exactly true. Everybody in our school knew that. Harry Thomson will tell you so. He

says Sallie begged him to bring back Frisk to Fairbank, but the dog wouldn't come.

Mr. Newton.—Frisk gone too! I must see Harry Thomson immediately.

The carriage was ready as soon as possible. Mr. Newton took Jenny home, and then drove rapidly to Mr. Thomson's. Harry could give Mr. Newton no farther information, excepting that Sallie had a bundle under her arm. This last fact gave him not a little pain and anxiety. Alas! could it be that she had been tempted to steal.

The storm that had been threatening for some time, now came on furiously, and Mr. Newton was obliged to give up all further inquiry for the night.

CHAPTER. XXV.

MRS. NAZY.

MR. NEWTON started early the next morning, determined to leave no means untried to ascertain what had become of the wanderer. As he had said, he remembered all the articles as having belonged to his wife. The pieces of China exactly matched his own set, and that he had himself purchased in Dresden. The books were familiar friends.

While he was driving along, meditating upon this mysterious matter, a carriage suddenly passed him, and he caught a glimpse of Evelina Anderson. He ordered the coachman to turn back. He found that young lady had been dismissed from school, and sent home with a woman-servant to take care of her. Poor Mr. Newton!

Sadly he pursued his way on the Dermerville turnpike till he came to the brown school-house, and asked a little girl if she had seen yesterday morning a girl with a bundle under her arm going that way.

“Yes, sir; a very poor-looking bare-footed girl, with a fat dog. The girl had a sorrowful sweet face, and pretty brown ringlets. She went that way.”

“The very same. I thank you,” said Mr. Newton, throwing the child a piece of money.

In the village where Sallie stopped, he made enquiry from house to house, and at last came to the baker’s. In answer to his questions, the baker said,

“I told my wife that girl was a runaway thief, when she paid six cents for the dog’s dinner, and two cents for a glass of water.”

“There was no proof of dishonesty in her generous care of the dog. It would have been to me evidence quite to the contrary.” Yet Mr. Newton’s anxiety increased, as the question came to him, “How did she obtain the money?”

The baker could give no farther information;

and Mr. Newton's inquiries in the village were quite unsatisfactory."

Entirely at a loss what to do next, Mr. Newton at length decided to go to Dermerville, and learn from Mrs. Macer more particulars than he had been hitherto able to draw from her, with regard to Sallie. Mrs. Macer was just going to be married. He met her on the way to church. Even his haste and anxiety would not allow him to stop the wedding-party; but he went to the Dermerville Hotel, and there learnt that Mrs. Macer gave a grand reception as Mrs. Nazy.

Mrs. Nazy looked quite delighted at the sight of Mr. Newton, but when he commenced questioning her about Sallie, her countenance changed. She expected blame for the manner in which she had treated her. But Mr. Newton told her the whole story briefly, of his discovery of those articles, and her reply was:—

"They were sent with her from the Howard Orphan Asylum; and I have always supposed they belonged to her mother, though I never mentioned the fact, for good reasons, to Sallie."

This was the very fact he wished to learn, and with unceremonious haste, he bade Mrs. Nazy "good day."

CHAPTER. XXVI.

AN UNPLEASANT RENCONTRE.

WHEN Evelina Anderson arrived at Fairbank, and alighted from the stage-coach that brought her, the first salutation that she received, was:—

“What on 'arth have you come back for?” Her reply was, “I have as good a right to be here as you have, Miss Mira.”

Miss Mira.—You don't know what an awful fuss we have had here. Our Timothy took it into his crack brain to adopt another child; and who should he choose, to be sure, but that forlorn Sallie. What does he do, *per-posterous man*, but put her in the spar' bedroom, with all the beautiful clothes and crinkum-crankums, that money could buy, and a power of money besides. What does she do,

but run off with the money and lots of other valuables, too numerous to mention.

Evelina.—Served him right, served him right. I'm glad of it. He had no business to put her here in my place.

Miss Mira.—Six of one and half a dozen of 'tother. He has got it into his crazy noddle now, that Sallie is his own child, because he found some queer old caps and odd things in a bandbox. He thinks they belonged to his wife.

Evelina.—His own child! She's dead and buried! Haven't I heard him say so, hundreds of times. He ought to be sent to a Lunatic Asylum.

All this time, Miss Mira and Evelina had been standing in the hall, where her luggage had been placed by the stage-driver.

“Bridget! Bridget!” called out Evelina, in an authoritative tone, “bring a light instantly, and have my baggage taken to my room.”

Bridget.—Your room, Miss! Why, you haven't got no room. Miss Mira has taken the room you used to have, and keeps her old one for a store-room.

Evelina.—Taken my room! By what right,

I should be glad to know. You had better clear out, as soon as possible.

Miss Mira.—I shall do no such-a-thing. I am housekeeper and mistress here, and choose my own room.

Evelina.—Then, I'll choose mine. Bridget, have my luggage taken up to the room that poor Sallie has left; though I can't bear the thought of sleeping in an apartment she has contaminated.

Bridget.—I don't know what you mean, Miss, by that big word. I know she didn't sleep in the bed. She liked her old way of sleeping on the floor better.

Evelina.—That is a good joke, Bridget. Call the waiter to help you to carry up the trunks.

Bridget obeyed, but when they came to the door of the bed-room, they found it locked.

Mr. Newton had locked it and taken the key in his pocket.

Evelina hunted about the house till she found another key that would open the door. Everything there was in the confused condition in which it had been left.

Evelina ordered her trunks to be unpacked,

and her clothing placed in the bureau and wardrobe, saying, she had now quite a valuable addition, for Sallie was just her size, and she could wear all her dresses.

“But what will Mr. Newton say?” asked Bridget.

“Say! Why he will say he is glad to have some one wear them that will not steal.”

“What shall I do with these old things?” said Bridget, as she came to the contents of the bandbox. “These are what Sallie brought with her.”

“Burn them up, Bridget; I won’t have any of her traps about.”

Evelina said this while arranging her bureau, without noticing what the things were, and supposed them to be only some scattered articles of poor Sallie’s, which she had worn before coming to Fairbank. So Bridget packed them up, and carried off the bandbox to her own attic apartment. “What shall I do with this letter?” said Evelina to herself, as in the course of unpacking, she came to the letter to Mr. Newton, from the Principal of the school from which she had been dismissed.

“I will read it at any rate,” said she, breaking the seal. It was as follows:—

“TIMOTHY NEWTON, ESQ.—

“DEAR SIR,—I am exceedingly sorry to be under the painful necessity of sending Miss Anderson home, and requesting that she may not return to my care.

“She is so violent and overbearing in her character, and so determined not to obey the rules of the school, that it is impossible for me to continue her instruction. Besides she is selfish and mean-spirited to such a degree as to render her a disagreeable and unsuitable companion and associate for my other pupils.

“I am grieved, sir, to be compelled to wound your generous feelings by thus candidly declaring the cause of Miss Anderson’s expulsion.

“Hoping you will appreciate my motives, and pardon my sincerity, I remain,

“Respectfully yours,

“JAMES MORGAN.”

Evelina twisted up the letter, and held it in one of the tall candles which stood on the dress-

ing-table, until it was in a blaze, and then threw it out of the window.

The tea-bell rang. So wrathful were both parties, that they sat down to table, Miss Mira and Miss Evelina, without speaking a word to each other, and during the meal, they maintained a profound silence.

But, oh ! the frowns and the sneers that they sent across to each other, if they had been bullets, those angry ladies would both have been riddled through and through like a target.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOWARD ORPHAN ASYLUM.

WHEN Mr. Newton, after a long journey, reached the Howard Orphan Asylum, he was so excited and so agitated, that it was some time before he could make the inquiries which would prove whether Sallie was indeed his own daughter.

Providentially, the same Matron had been at the Institution for ten years past.

She referred at once to the books.

After the date, an entry was made of "Sallie Sabor, six years old, placed here by Mrs. Anderson. Her father, a sea captain, was lost at sea, some years since. Her mother died after a long illness, and nothing was left for her support. No relatives who can maintain her. All that remained of her mother's furniture was

sold to pay rent and funeral expenses. A few articles of female clothing and some pieces of china and glass were brought with the child."

Mr. Newton was speechless with emotion, for a few minutes. At length he said, "And was this child placed with a dressmaker?"

"I will see," replied the matron, "turning over the leaves of the large record book.

"Yes," here it is. "Sally Sabor, aged ten, bound out, till eighteen, to Mrs. Macer. She is to be well clothed and fed, and to be sent to school during the winter, for four years."

"Do you look after the interests of the poor orphans who are thus bound out?" enquired Mr. Newton, with some severity in his tone of voice, though his manner was cool and composed.

"The committee of ladies are obliged to do so, when the orphans are not at a distance. But as they usually prefer sending them into the country, it is not in their power," was the reply.

"And where did this Mrs. Anderson belong?" eagerly inquired Mr. Newton.

"In this city; she still resides here in Parsons street; I saw her only last week."

“The very same!” exclaimed Mr. Newton; “it was Evelina’s mother.”

Mr. Newton handed the Matron ten dollars, to be distributed among the children, as he said, “in gingerbread;” and left without mentioning the particular reason he had for making inquiries about Sallie Sabor.

To Parsons street he hastened to find Mrs. Anderson. She kept a small shop, and was standing behind the counter as he went in.

Without preface or apology, he said, “What was the true name of the child that you placed in the Howard Orphan Asylum seven years’ ago?”

She colored, hesitated, and hemmed and coughed.

“Speak out, and tell the whole truth,” exclaimed Mr. Newton impatiently. “I know the facts already.”

“It was your own Sabrina. I placed her there under the name of Sallie Sabor, to save appearances,” said Mrs. Anderson, trembling.

“Appearances! to save appearances! But how did it happen to be announced in the papers that my child was dead?”

“ It was a mistake in the print ; instead of ‘ *leaving* an only daughter,’ as it ought to have been, it was, by mistake, ‘ *and* an only daughter.’ ”

“ Why did you not have it corrected in the next paper ? ”

“ Because I thought her parents were both dead and gone, and the mistake would do no harm to anybody.”

“ And when I adopted your child, how did it happen that you never told me of the wonderful fact that my own was still living ? ”

“ I did not know that she was living ; for I have lost sight of her for years.”

“ How could you be so cruel as to lose sight of the poor desolate orphan ? But it is useless to reproach you. I leave you to your own conscience, if you have any remaining that is not seared with a hot iron.”

Mr. Newton immediately went to the office of the newspaper which had contained the intelligence ; and on looking over a file of old papers, found the paragraph, and purchased the paper, merely saying, “ A mistake of a single word has caused great sorrow and trouble for

years. You ought to be more careful in correcting the proofs."

He then ordered a large number of handbills to be printed, as follows:—

“INFORMATION WANTED,

Of a girl about thirteen years of age, who left the village of Snowton on Thursday of last week, and was last seen on the turnpike to Dermerville. Tall of her age, and slender; small hands and feet; dark eyes; chestnut hair, curling in ringlets; and a brunette complexion. She was poorly dressed, and had a dog with her, who answers to the name of Frisk. One hundred dollars will be paid for any direct information which may prove satisfactory. Timothy Newton, Fairbank, Snowton.”

This same advertisement was inserted in several of the city papers, besides being posted up all the way from Dermerville to Snowton.

Without again seeing Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Newton left the city, and travelled rapidly home to Fairbank.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NEW FRIENDS.

It was a fearful night for poor Sallie to be exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm. The lightning, at length, only flashed in the distance, and the roar of the thunder gradually died away; but the rain continued to pour down in torrents.

“But what is that!” exclaimed Sallie with newly excited alarm, as a bright light appeared in the murky darkness. Nearer and nearer came the unsteady light, waving to and fro. As it approached, she discerned a dark figure accompanying it. Great was her relief to find that, instead of the supernatural light which her superstitious fears had suggested, it was a man with a lantern. He turned the light full upon

Sallie, who had started up at his approach, and exclaimed :—

“ Who are you ! How came you here, girl, in this tremendous gust ? ”

“ I have lost my way,” said Sallie, bursting into tears ; a great relief, after the excitement of fear and despair, she had been suffering for hours.

“ And what have you there ? ” he inquired, pointing to the heap of thoroughly drenched clothing by Sallie’s side.

“ It is a dear, good dog, that I covered over because he was lame and tired.”

“ Well, come with me to my house yonder. This is an awful night. My wife will be anxious enough about me.”

Sallie took the wet covering from the dog, and said, “ Come Frisk, poor fellow ! Come along.” But Frisk whined, and would not stand on his feet.

Sallie sat down by him on the ground, and patted him, saying, “ I won’t leave you ; no, indeed, I won’t. Good fellow ; you are so lame you can’t walk.”

The dog wagged his tail, and licked her hand.

“Come, girl, you take the lantern, and I’ll carry the dog,” said the man, touched by Sallie’s kindness to the suffering animal.

The lantern, which just before had seemed a strange unearthly light, now rejoiced her like the countenance of a friend, and gladly was she the bearer of it, while the stout young farmer gently carried the dog to the cottage, where a candle had been placed in the window to guide his homeward steps.

No sooner did the small gate in front turn on its hinges than the cottage door was opened, and a pleasant voice gave a warm welcome:—
“Joseph, dear, is it you at last? I have been very uneasy about you. I am so glad you are safe; it has been a dreadful night.”

“Yes, Martha, here I am; safe, thank God! and I have brought in some wanderers who were ready to perish; the girl would not leave her dog, and so I have brought him in my arms. He’s a very fat dog,” said the farmer, as he laid Frisk by the cheerful fire.

“Just like you, Joseph; always kind and

thoughtful. "Come in," she continued to Sallie, who stood dripping with rain, and ashamed to enter. "Come in, and let me shut the door, for here is my little Ned, with the rain blowing in his face."

The little fellow, about four years old, now ran to his father, and gave him half a dozen hearty kisses.

"There, that will do, boy; I must see what ails the dog, while your mother gets some dry clothing for the stranger."

The farmer, on examining Frisk's feet, found a large thorn in one of them, and immediately drew it out.

"Nice dog; now, papa has been so good to him, he will get well. May I give him some supper?"

"Yes, yes; you may give him his supper, boy."

Martha meanwhile had taken Sallie to her bed-room, and made her put on dry clothing. Then she returned to the easy, pleasant room, where the clean, well filled table had been spread for two hours waiting for the farmer's return.

It was easy to add the cup, saucer, and plate for Sallie, and then they sat down to supper. Joseph, with the little boy standing by his side, fervently asked a blessing.

The bread and butter were of Martha's own making ; the bees had laid up the honey in Joseph's garden ; the cold chicken was from their poultry-yard ; delicious cream added a relish to the preserved pears, on which Martha particularly prided herself. Much did she enjoy the keen appetites of the night wanderers, as she filled their plates, and replenished them.

Sallie had never before partaken of so relishing a meal. These simple kind-hearted people asked no questions ; it was enough that she was " hungry," and they fed her. She was a " stranger " and they " took her in."

When supper was over, Martha remarked, that they must be very tired ; and handed Joseph the large family Bible. He read the 8th chapter of Luke—Christ stilling the Tempest ; then uttered a prayer, filled with earnest thanksgiving for preservation that night, and concluded with the Lord's Prayer.

Sallie was shown to a plain comfortable bedroom, where were neither carpet nor bed-curtains. The bed was of straw; yet never was sleep more sweet or welcome to the weary girl. She awoke, refreshed and cheerful, early in the morning. She heard the voices of merry children, and their pattering little feet, on the stairs near the door. Her dismal-looking clothing of the night before, had been carefully dried and ironed; and some kind, careful hand had placed it beside her bed.

When Sallie opened the door of her room, little Ned, with two younger children, were playing with Frisk.

“The dog is such a good, kind fellow, he lets us fool him,” said little Ned. “I want father to buy him. Please, won’t you sell him?”

“I cannot; he is not mine,” said Sallie.

Again Sallie joined in the family devotions. When Joseph read the 25th Psalm, she took out the small, well-worn Bible, and looked out the sacred words with an interest she had never before felt.

In addition to the morning prayer, which Joseph read, he added an extempore petition

for the young stranger who had "lost her way," that she might be "brought back safely to her home and friends, and guided into the straight and narrow way which leadeth to life eternal."

The simple piety of this family went to the heart of the superstitious girl. It was so true, so practical, so kind. The dawning light of the Sun of Righteousness arose in her soul.

When the hearty, wholesome breakfast was over, Sallie said, "You have asked me no questions, and yet you must feel some curiosity about a straggler like me. I was going to Dermerville to see Mrs. Macer, and ask her some important questions. I must have taken the wrong road, where three roads meet."

"Very likely you did," replied the farmer. "I know Mrs. Macer; she owes me money, and has for a long time."

Sallie blushed as though she were herself the tardy debtor.

"She may be a relation of yours," he continued. "We are not accountable for the conduct of all our relations."

"She is no relation of mine, and I don't know that I have a relation in the world. If

you wish to know more about 'poor Sallie,' as I am called, I will tell you my story."

"We do indeed!" exclaimed Martha, eagerly; for her womanly curiosity was excited to a high pitch.

Sallie briefly, but truly related the leading facts of her life to the time of her leaving Fairbank, and the journey which brought her to the cottage.

The habit of truth-telling was so confirmed with Sallie, that whatever she said gained immediate confidence; it was so clear and straightforward.

"Now, let me advise you what to do," the farmer said. "Go back to Mr. Newton. I will take you there to-morrow in my carry-all. Wife, will you go with us? You can take all the children."

"Go back to Mr. Newton and live there!"

"Yes, Sallie; so Providence has appointed. I have no doubt you were faithful and honest in the condition you were in, and God will give you grace to fill a higher station, honorably and usefully. You are under the care of a Heavenly Father who knows what is best for

you; and this running away will not, in the end, better your condition. Every station has its allotted trials."

"But still," urged Sallie, "I wish to make the inquiry about my mother, of Mrs. Macer."

"You can do that through your excellent friend Mr. Newton, if he will receive you after your seeming ingratitude."

"Oh! I have been careless, thoughtless, wilful, but not ungrateful. My gratitude to Mr. Newton weighs like a load here," said Sallie, laying her hand on her heart.

"Yes; I understand it, like a debt, till you can do something for him in return. You do not wish to seem to him dishonest; yet Frisk is a dog that he values, and he may consider you a thief for taking him away."

"Horrible! horrible! I will go as soon as possible. Here, Frisk, you must go home to your master, and so must poor Sallie."

"It is astonishing how sensible and just my Joseph is," said the wife. "He is, you see, a man of good education for a farmer, and then he does so closely follow the blessed Bible for his guide! Here, Sallie, you can wash up the

breakfast things. We shall have a great deal to do to-day, so that we can leave home to-morrow. Joseph has worked very hard lately, and a little pleasure excursion will do him good."

Gladly did Sallie assist her kind hostess, and notwithstanding her impatience to return to Fairbank with Frisk, she passed the day pleasantly and profitably

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A WELCOME AT CHERRICOT.

THE next morning, at an early hour, "the carryall" was at the door. A merry company were they. The children, themselves, were not more delighted with a holiday than the cheerful farmer and his tidy wife. Sallie's naturally lively disposition showed itself in spite of the difficulties and troubles, in which she said she was "like a poor fly in a cobweb."

"Oh, you will escape and spread your wings in good time," said Martha, cheerily, as they reached Fairbank. Frisk was so delighted to be home again, that he jumped out, as they slowly drove up the avenue, and ran barking towards the house.

This noise brought both Miss Mira and Evelina out upon the piazza. They had not yet made up their quarrel, and were not on speaking terms. But when they saw Frisk, and then the farmer driving up the avenue, Miss Mira exclaimed, "Can it be that they are bringing back the runaway thief, with her stolen goods?"

"Yes, yes; it must be. I see the creature herself," said Evelina.

Joseph inquired at the door for Mr. Newton.

"He isn't at home," was Miss Mira's reply, in a very sharp tone.

"I am sorry for that; I have brought back a young friend of his," said the farmer.

"No friend of his'n, but a *miserble* gal, who ran off with his money and other walables. I hope she has come to bring them back; but if she has I shan't let her come into this house. I will take the stolen goods, and keep them till our Timothy comes home."

"She had nothing with her but a bundle of old clothes," said Martha.

"And the change for a dollar that Mrs. Macer gave me when I left her," said Sallie, her moral courage rising at this unjust accusa-

tion. "Frisk would go with me, and I couldn't help it. Have him shut up in his kennel, and then I shall have nothing that belongs here."

"This is a singular case!" exclaimed Joseph. "I do believe you are honest, but circumstances are strongly against you. Where will you go now?"

Sallie was puzzled for a moment, and then said, "To Cherricot—to Cherricot!"

"Where is that?"

"Good Mrs. Brice's, down in the village."

"Your good Mrs. Brice will not take you into her house, for Jenny was here, and knows all about your stealing the money and the gold thimble, and lots of other things," said Evelina spitefully.

"Jenny knows me too well to believe such dreadful things of me. Please drive there as quickly as possible; they are my true friends, and will not desert me even now," replied Sallie.

The farmer was staggered by these startling accusations; but he did as he was requested, and turned the horse's head towards the village, and drove silently away. Frisk followed, in

spite of the calls and commands from Miss Mira, Evelina, and three or four servants, who had been drawn to the spot by curiosity. When they reached the great gate Sallie said, "Please drive Frisk back, and shut him in."

The dog, as if aware of the intention, ran on ahead, and would not be induced to return.

Martha looked sorrowful and disappointed; the children were tired, and wanted to get out, and, as if sympathizing with their elders, began to cry.

Sallie's countenance betrayed indignation, but no guilt.

They stopped at Cherricot. Jenny, who had seen Frisk running before the vehicle, came down to the gate, and, when Sallie jumped out, threw her arms round the neck of the poor girl, and kissed her again and again.

"Come in Sallie, and your friends too," said Jenny. "Let me take out some of the children. You can fasten your horse to this post, sir. Oh, how glad grandmother will be to see you," she continued. "Come, little boy, let me lead you."

"These are indeed my friends, Jenny; and

how shall I ever repay you for giving them a hearty welcome?"

Martha's face brightened; the children ceased crying; Joseph's confidence in Sallie returned.

Mrs. Brice had been looking out of the window; and when the whole group entered, the chairs were all ready for them to be seated.

Sallie was embarrassed, for she had, as yet, heard only the Christian names of her new acquaintances. Mrs. Brice took her kindly by the hand, and said, "What may I call your friends?"

"Joseph Plemson and his wife," said the farmer. "We have brought back a wanderer, and, if she tells the truth, she is very much to be pitied."

"Sit down, Mr. Plemson; Mrs. Plemson lay off your bonnet. Jenny, take Sallie and the children in the garden."

Jennie obeyed, but turned back after the others had stepped outside, and said, "Grandma, remember, Sallie always tells the truth. She is honesty itself."

Joseph Plemson then told how he had found

Sallie by the wayside, and what had since happened. The small bundle was shown by Martha, in proof that she had nothing else with her. "The only things in her pocket were a small Bible, and some change less than a dollar. I took what was there when I dried the poor child's dress, and put back all the next morning," said Martha.

"Circumstances are indeed against her at Fairbank; yet I will remember what Jenny says, and believe her innocent till she is proven to be guilty," said Mrs. Brice. "Mr. Plemson, take your horse into the yard next door, and Mr. Doole, our neighbour, will give him some feed. You shall have an early dinner, as you wish to return home in good season Saturday night. Sallie shall stay with me until Mr. Newton returns. He has gone to seek her, and has the most earnest desire to find her guiltless."

The children came in quite happy again, their hands full of flowers from Jenny's garden.

"Jenny's gingerbread might be more acceptable to the children just now than flowers.

Sallie too, is partial to your gingerbread," said the old lady.

"They can have both, grandma," said Jenny.

"Oh, mother, what a nice day we are having," said little Ned.

"Nice day; pretty flowers;" echoed his little sister; and the youngest little thing made out to say, "Good! pretty, pretty!" And the mother's cheerful face was again bright with smiles. Jenny, with Sallie's assistance, broiled chickens and baked a custard, and prepared a very refreshing dinner.

The dinner was over, and Joseph Plemson at the gate with the carryall. Martha took an affectionate leave of Sallie, who had completely won her heart. Joseph said, taking her by the hand, "Trust in God, and he will make your innocence appear as plain as the noon-day. Farewell." Sallie could not speak. Her gratitude was too intense for words. She slipped a half-dollar into little Ned's hand, as she lifted him in to his mother; as they drove off she kept her tearful eyes upon them till they were out of sight.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

MRS. Brice did not go to church on Sunday ; she was too lame even to walk so far. Sallie read the Bible and other good books aloud to her, while Jenny went to church alone ; for, under the circumstances, Mrs. Brice did not think it advisable for Sallie to go out. She carefully avoided any allusion to the past during the day, and earnestly observed the deportment and countenance of the accused girl. She was too good a judge of human nature not to be convinced that the accusations were false, and her kind heart glowed with pleasure when she thought of the triumph of innocence over malice.

The uncommon interest Sallie showed in reading the old Bible attracted Mrs. Brice's

attention, and gratified the good lady exceedingly.

When Jenny returned from church, Harry Thomson was with her. They stopped at the gate.

“I must just go in and speak to poor Sallie,” said he. “I am one of her best friends. I don’t believe a word of what that mean Evelina Anderson whispered to me on the church steps.” “I do not know that grandma’ would like to have you come in to day,” hesitatingly answered Jenny, holding the gate half open.

Harry pushed by and walked up to the door, “It is right to do good on Sunday, and Sallie needs warm friends just now.”

“So she does, Harry, you are right,” responded Jenny, warmly.

“Just call Sallie to the door. I see her there, reading to your grandmother.”

The window was open, and Sallie heard Harry’s words. She ceased reading, and Mrs. Brice said, “put aside your book, and go speak to the lad.”

Harry shook her cordially by the hand, saying, “keep up good courage; all will come out

right one of these days. It's a great thing for a body always to tell the truth, as you have done. We used to say at school, when anything was doubted that the other boys or girls told, 'It must be true, if poor Sallie, says so; we'll ask *her*.'

"Thank you, Mr. Thomson," replied she, blushing deeply.

"Well, we will not call you 'poor Sallie' any longer, but 'pretty Sallie;' good bye. You will look down on Evelina Anderson before long, with scorn and contempt. Good bye."

Jenny had been closely questioned by Harry Thomson, on the way from church, but she had only told him that Sallie was unhappy at Fairbank, and had left the place without informing Mr. Newton, and that since her departure, she had been accused of dishonesty. Evelina had whispered all this in his ear, with many additions of her own.

In Mr. Newton's pew at church, was a young lady, simply but elegantly dressed in deep mourning, whose devout manner and pleasing countenance formed a striking contrast with the levity of Evelina Anderson, and the sour visage

of Miss Mira. This young lady was no other than Miss Wentworth, who arrived on Saturday evening, and was most ungraciously received by Miss Mira. That singular personage, when she learnt who Miss Wentworth was, and why she came, advised her to go to "the tavern," in the village. Miss Wentworth told her that would be very disagreeable and unsuitable, for the elderly gentleman who accompanied her to Fairbank had gone some miles beyond, after leaving her at Fairbank, and she would be entirely without protection at the tavern.

"There's no sort nor kind of danger there," retorted Miss Mira, "and Timothy won't mind paying for two or three nights' lodgings, since you've come on a Tom-fool arrant; the gal you was a going to teach, has turned thief and run away."

Great was the surprise and consternation of Miss Wentworth. Her luggage had been left on the piazza, and there was she, late on Saturday evening, refused admittance to the house to which she had been most earnestly entreated to come, by its owner. After a few moments' hesitation, she asked for a man-servant. The

waiter came, and seeing a lady, bowed with much civility.

“Will you take my luggage to my room? Mr. Newton, I am sorry to find, is not at home,” said Miss Wentworth.

“Did you ever see the beat of that,” exclaimed Miss Mira, aside, to Evelina. “Here’s a presumptuous one, If ever any body took on such hoity-toity airs before, I’m mistaken.”

“Why don’t you tell Brown to let her trunks stay where they are?” whispered Evelina.

“Because, I am afraid our Timothy would be so powerful angry, that he would blow us up sky-high for it.”

Miss Wentworth followed the waiter, who summoned Bridget, on the way, to show the lady’s room. Bridget led them up to an attic chamber next her own, and the waiter having placed the luggage safely there, bowed respectfully, and closed the door on Miss Wentworth.

“I tell you what, Bridget,” said he, as they went down stairs, “that’s a first-rate lady. You made a real blunder when you showed her up here, to this sky-parlor.”

“I know better nor you. She’s the teacher-

woman wot was going to teach poor Sallie, if she hadn't made herself scarce in these parts."

"She's a thousand times more of a lady, I can see, than any who've been yet in this 'ere house. I've lived long enough among gentlefolks, to know 'em at first sight," said Brown.

Very little sleep had Miss Wentworth that night in her elevated lodgings. It was the first time she had left her own refined home, to go among strangers; but though desolate and forlorn, her courage did not fail, for her trust was in the Father of the fatherless.

She walked down to breakfast the next morning, and took her seat at table with dignified assurance, and Miss Mira and Evelina, were so much astonished and awed by her complete self-possession, as to keep silence and be civil.

She went to church by herself, and at the door asked the sexton to show her to Mr. Newton's pew.

In the afternoon she was again at church. As she came out after service, in the vestibule she saw the sweet face of Jenny Brice turned towards her, with an earnest, wishful expression.

“Did you wish to speak to me?” enquired Miss Wentworth, in a voice that would command attention anywhere—so wonderfully refined and delicate was it, and at the same time so decided and clear.

Jenny sprang to her side, and placed her hand within the small slender hand of Miss Wentworth, saying, “I would like to speak with you, Miss Wentworth, when we are quite out of church.”

Miss Wentworth grasped the hand thus confidently laid within hers, and they walked for a while in silence,—it was broken at length by Jenny.

“You came to Fairbank, I believe, to be the friend of Sallie Sabor.”

“I did; but I hear a shocking account of her.”

Jenny.—Do not think harshly of poor Sallie. I am sure she is not guilty of the crime of which *they* accuse her—they are bitter enemies. Would it be too much trouble for you to come to Cherricot and see her yourself? Grandma’ would be pleased to see you, although it is Sunday.

Miss Wentworth.—Certainly not. I am much obliged to you for the kind invitation. They did not tell me at Fairbank that my expected pupil was in the village.

Jenny.—Oh, Miss Wentworth, Sallie needs friends so much at this time, I do hope you have come to join us against her cruel persecutors.

Miss Wentworth.—You speak warmly. What may I call you, my little friend?

Jenny.—Jenny Brice, if you please. I love Sallie dearly. She is so generous and noble-hearted; and I am sure you will love her too; when you know her as well as I do.

Miss Wentworth.—She must be very happy in such a warm friend as you are. Truly your unbounded confidence interests me in her favor.

Jenny.—Does it! Oh, I'm so glad—so glad. They walked hand in hand till they came to Cherricot. Jenny stepped in without giving warning that she was bringing a stranger. Sallie sat on a low stool reading, from her priceless little Bible, the history of Joseph, while Mrs. Brice commented upon the wonder-

ful leadings of Providence, as shown in that eloquent and unequalled story.

“Grandma,” said Jenny, “I have induced Miss Wentworth to come home with me from church. Sallie, this is the young lady who has come to Fairbank to be your friend.”

Sallie, with her lively, impulsive temperament, had a quick perception of character. At a glance, she saw Miss Wentworth was a lady in whom she could confide, and, springing to her feet, she made a salutation which might not have been called graceful by the dancing-master; but it was more effective, for the ingenuousness and naturalness quite charmed the polished, well-bred young lady.

“You are quite welcome to Cherricot, Miss Wentworth. Let Sallie relieve you of bonnet and mantilla,” said Mrs. Brice.

Miss Wentworth could have thrown her arms around the neck of the nice old lady, and kissed her cheek fervently. She contented herself, however, with a cordial grasp of the hand, and then willingly yielded the bonnet and mantilla to the delighted Jenny.

Tea was soon ready. Sallie refused at first

to come to the table, saying to Mrs. Brice that it was not proper for her to sit down with such a beautiful lady, till, at least, she was proved to be an honest girl.

Mrs. Brice, who had no doubt of her honesty, had not much more doubt of the social position she was entitled to, and insisted that she should be seated by Miss Wentworth.

In the conversation at table, Mrs. Brice took the lead, at the same time drawing out Miss Wentworth. The visit was both pleasant and profitable; and heartily sorry was the stranger visitor when the approach of night warned her that she must not prolong it.

Before she left, Mrs. Brice recommended her staying at Fairbank till Mr. Newton's return, at the same time urging her to pass as much time as possible at Cherricot.

Sweet and soothing to her wounded feelings was this unexpected kindness. Knowing that she was indebted for it to Sallie, or, at least, in part, she went away with a warm interest in the unfortunate girl, and a firm belief in her innocence. "Good bye, Sallie," she said; "I know you are grateful for such kind friends,

and I feel assured that you richly deserve them."

Sallie's throbbing heart would not allow her to reply ; but, as soon as Miss Wentworth was out of hearing, she exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Brice ! How wonderful it is that God should raise up another friend for me. I hope I am grateful to Him."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DECIDED MISS WENTWORTH.

THE next morning, soon after breakfast, Miss Wentworth walked into the gate at Cherricot, and was met by the two girls, who seized each a hand, and led her into the house.

“You see, my dear madam, how gladly I avail myself of your kindness. This is the day appointed for me to begin with my teaching, and, as my pupil is with you, I must, if you please, pass the day under your hospitable roof.”

“I like your promptness,” replied Mrs. Brice. “Sallie, no doubt, is ready to begin her studies with you, for she was a good scholar with Mr. Hollister.”

Sallie.—Ah, Miss Wentworth, you are too kind. Here I am, a poor forsaken orphan. The very clothes I have on belong to Jenny. Not a friend on earth excepting these two—accused of theft, with no way to prove my innocence—indeed you are too kind.

Miss Wentworth.—I have the means to prove your innocence. God, in his good providence, will enable me to make it as clear as the sun.

Jenny jumped up and down, and cut most ridiculous capers. Mrs. Brice lifted her hands and eyes towards heaven, in pious thankfulness, while Sallie, completely overwhelmed, threw her arms around Miss Wentworth's neck and sobbed aloud.

Miss Wentworth soothed and calmed her agitated mind, and, by degrees, led her to speak of her past and future studies. Mrs. Brice showed them into her quiet little parlor, where they passed the remainder of the morning together. There was nothing at the simple table of Mrs. Brice to shock the refined delicacy of one who had been accustomed to all the elegancies of life. Good manners and

neatness can give refinement, even where there is neither luxury nor splendor, and many a pompous, luxurious dinner is really more vulgar than the plain, wholesome meal at which Mrs. Brice presided. Miss Wentworth, who had never before dined in a real cottage, was surprised to see the perfect ease of its mistress, and the genuine gracefulness of sweet Jenny Brice.

As the young lady did not explain any further, with regard to Fairbank and her observations there, no questions were asked.

Frisk had been sent home, and was chained to his kennel. The dog pined and whined for his young friend, and was very much neglected at Fairbank, because he was obliged to bear the odium attached to a reclaimed runaway.

Miss Mira was amazed at the independent course of the stranger, and, when she returned at nightfall, asked her, in no very civil words, or kindly tone, where she had passed the day?

“At Cherricot, teaching my pupil,” was the prompt reply.

Miss Mira.—What, Jenny Brice?

Miss Wentworth.—No; My bright Sallie.

Miss Mira.—Laws-a-me! Why all the world has gone crazy! I don't know which end I stand on! Your bright Sallie? Why the gal didn't know what the handle of a tea-cup was made for, and raily couldn't find the way from her plate to her mouth at table.

Miss Wentworth.—Notwithstanding, she is a bright scholar. Good night, Ma'am. And the young lady took up one of the tall spermaceti candles in a silver candlestick, that stood upon the tea-table, and was going to her room.

Miss Mira.—Put down that candle, Miss What-you-call-you. I don't allow them candlesticks to be hoisted up to our attic.

Miss Wentworth,—(putting down the candlestick and ringing the bell), Excuse me.

Brown appeared, "Bring me a chamber-candlestick, if you please," said she.

Miss Mira.—Laws-a-me! If we haint got a mistress now, I'm mistaken! Why you give out orders as though you belonged here!

"I do," said Miss Wentworth, taking up the light the waiter had brought, and with a perfectly dignified, easy manner, she walked out of

the dining-room, and ascended to her shabby "sky-parlor."

The next day she passed at Cherricot in the same way she had done the day before. Jenny's books were just what she needed for an examination of her pupil, to know what progress she had made. The ease and propriety of Miss Wentworth's manners seemed contagious; for Sallie already began to show the effects. At table, even, she was losing the painful constraint with which she had been tortured at Fairbank, and acquiring the facility and dexterity in managing knife, fork, cup and spoon, without which, no person can be easy and graceful at meals. She listened with intense interest to the conversations between Mrs. Brice and Miss Wentworth, so unlike any she had ever heard, not about persons, dress, food, or the weather, but topics suggested by the varied information of both ladies; literature, science, history, religion.

Jenny walked at evening with Miss Wentworth as far as the gate at Fairbank, and then bade her good night. Just as she turned her footsteps homeward, she heard the rattling of

carriage-wheels, and looking back, saw that it was Mr. Newton's carriage. She hastened home to carry the news.

Mr. Newton reached the piazza just as Miss Wentworth was ascending the steps. He stepped out of the carriage, looking pale and haggard. Miss Wentworth met him with a cheerful smile. It seemed to him a mockery. In a grief-stricken tone, he said :

“ Ah ! Miss Wentworth, you have come in vain to Fairbank. No traces of poor Sallie can I yet discover.”

“ Come in, and be seated, sir, you look travel-worn and weary.”

Mr. Newton allowed himself to be led in, but as he stepped over the threshold, Miss Mira and Evelina appeared, the former exclaiming—

“ Oh ! Timothy ! Timothy ! havn't you found the stolen goods ? We know where the thief is—safely caught in a mouse-trap, called Cher-ricot.”

“ Please walk in here, sir,” said Miss Wentworth, opening the door of the drawing-room, and as soon as Mr. Newton was within, closing

it and turning the key. "Now, please, sir, be seated; and let me take your hat and gloves."

Mr. Newton obeyed as if he had been a little child. Miss Wentworth then rang for a glass of water.

"I have good news for you," said she.

"No good news can come to me unless my daughter is proved innocent."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Miss Wentworth.

"Yes, poor Sallie is my own daughter, beyond the possibility of doubt."

"Thank heaven! and a worthy daughter of so kind a father! I supposed she was a desolate orphan."

Mr. Newton.—Your voice to me is like that of an angel of mercy. Where is my child?

Miss W.—At Cherricot, with good Mrs. Brice. I commenced teaching her on Monday, the very day you named, sir.

Mr. N.—But do you know the dreadful imputation there is against her?

Miss W.—I do; and can prove it false.

"Merciful providence!" exclaimed Mr. New-

ton, falling on his knees, and lifting his streaming eyes to heaven.

After a momentary pause, Miss Wentworth said, "You must need refreshment. Allow me to order a tray to be brought in here."

Mr. N.—Thank you; but I am impatient to hear your explanation of this mysterious affair.

"After tea! after tea!" said Miss Wentworth, as she pulled the bell again, in a very decided manner.

"There goes again!" exclaimed Miss Mira, who stood in the entry, *near* the door, not to say with her ear to the keyhole. She started back, and then, as if changing her mind, tapped at the door. Miss Wentworth, thinking it was the waiter, opened it, and there stood Miss Mira, in a perfect rage. Miss Wentworth calmly stepped out into the entry, and, closing the door after her, placed herself against it, and said, "Mr. Newton is very much fatigued, and overcome by his journey and recent circumstances; I am going to ask for tea to be sent in to him."

"Who made you mistress here?" demanded

the enraged Miss Mira, fairly shaking her fist in Miss Wentworth's face.

Brown came at the moment, to answer the bell. Without taking farther notice of the angry woman, Miss Wentworth calmly requested him to bring in tea, on a tray, to Mr. Newton, as quickly as possible. She then opened the door, glided swiftly in, and again the key was heard to click in the lock.

“Excuse my peremptory manner, Mr. Newton; for Sallie's sake I am compelled to act with decision.”

“Thank you; thank you a thousand times. I am a quiet man, and don't know how to encounter a brawling woman. But indeed, Miss Wentworth, my impatience will not allow me to wait longer for the unsealing of your lips.”

“Here comes the supper. While you sip your tea, I will talk and talk, to your heart's content. You may well call it unsealing, for I have kept the secret two days!”

“Let us have it then immediately, for your relief as well as mine,” said Mr. Newton, with a faint attempt at a smile, as Miss Wentworth

carefully opened the door, to admit the waiter, and as carefully closed it after him.

“You may leave now, Brown,” said she. “I will attend to Mr. Newton. Here, place the tray on this little table.”

How shocked Miss Mira would have been, to see that splendid table of papier mache applied to any useful purpose.

“Well now; to begin at the beginning of the end,” said Miss Wentworth, playfully, as she drew a chair to the other side of the table.

“First, though, sugar and cream, sir?”

“Both, if you please.”

Miss Wentworth.—I was met at your door by the astounding intelligence of the exit of my pupil from Fairbank, and of your absence, sir. Then followed the still more astonishing story of the theft committed by the runaway. I will not dwell upon the *uncordial* reception I met with, for that is of no consequence. In spite of it, I made myself at home. An apartment in the attic story, which had probably been tenanted by a servant, was appropriated to me by the chambermaid. There was no lock upon the door. Fortunately I am not remarkably

timid, or I should have been much alarmed that night.

About two or three hours after I had retired I was still awake, when some one cautiously opened the door and entered the room. I saw by the small lamp she held in her hand, Bridget, the chambermaid, and then I closed my eyes and lay perfectly quiet. She stealthily stepped to the bedside and held the light, to discover if I were awake. My closed eyes and quiet breathing led her to suppose me asleep. She then went to a closet attached to the room, and brought out a band-box and some other articles. As she was about leaving the room I exclaimed—

“Who’s there?”

The girl started, appeared exceedingly alarmed, and at length said,

“Its only me, Miss.”

“What do you want here?”

“Only some things of mine in that closet.”

“Well, shut the door and don’t disturb me again!” As soon as she had done so, I sprang upon the floor, for something brilliant that I saw drop from Bridget’s hand, as I called out

Who's there. I found the article thus dropped was a purse, I knew it by the feeling, and immediately placed it under my pillow. Here it is; (Miss Wentworth drew the green silk purse from her pocket and handed it to Mr. Newton,) fearing my nocturnal visitor might return, I fastened the door by putting my scissors over the latch. The precaution was not useless, for scarcely an hour had elapsed before Bridget was again at the door; she had doubtless missed the purse. 'Who's there,' I cried in a very loud voice, hoping that some of the other servants would hear me. I presume they did, for soon after I heard hurrying feet and whispering voices. Every night since, I have secured the door, and whenever I have left my room I have been careful to lock my own trunks.

Mr. Newton.—I am astonished at your coolness and courage, Miss Wentworth. You have saved a father from inexpressible wretchedness. I now long to see poor Sallie; no longer *poor Sallie*, however, but my own Sabrina.

Miss Wentworth.—Perhaps, sir, it would be

better for you to take rest to-night, and see her in the morning.

Mr. Newton.—Has she received an intimation that she was possibly my daughter?

Miss W.—Not the slightest, I should suppose, from her conversations with me.

Mr. Newton.—I have several very unpleasant matters still to manage, and only one of them will I attempt to-night. This purse contains all the money I gave Sabrina, and besides, her gold thimble. Poor dear child, who knows what terrible sufferings she may have endured since we parted.

So saying, Mr. Newton pulled the bell, and ordered the waiter to remove the tea-things, and then to call Bridget. A minute or two after Bridget came in, said he, “Ask Miss Mira and Miss Evelina to come to the drawing-room?” The chamber-maid came pale and trembling. No sooner did she see the green purse in Mr. Newton’s hand, than she fell on her knees, and exclaimed, “Oh! don’t send me to gaol. I never stole anything before in all my life.”

Just at this moment, Miss Mira and Evelina came in.

“Confess the whole truth, then, instantly,” said Mr. Newton.

“I will; I will. I found the key of the best bed-room under the stair carpet when I was sweeping the stairs in the morning. I thought ’twas so strange, I would just open the door. There was nobody there. Everything was left in nice order. I didn’t say anything, but locked the door again, and put the key in my pocket. After breakfast I was sent down to the village. The *furren* baker there told me about a girl that once lived with Mrs. Macer, how she had gone off that morning with a bundle under her arm, and Frisk with her. So, when I got back here, something whispered to me that I might as well have some of the nice things she had left, and so—and so—

Mr. Newton.—You went and made your choice among them? What else have you?

Bridget.—All but what Miss Evelina has took.

Mr. Newton.—Miss Evelina! What do you mean by that?

Bridget.—I mean she took the room, and all there was in it. She's got on one of the very frocks now.

Evelina.—I thought—I thought—as *she* wasn't coming back, I might have what she left, as well as anybody else.

Mr. Newton.—Girl! Out of my sight this moment. Restore every article you have taken to its place, and vacate the room you have usurped.

As soon as *Evelina* had vanished, *Mr. Newton* continued, “And you, *Bridget*, bring forth your stolen goods. *Miss Mira*, go with the girl, and see that she produces all that she has taken.”

Mr. Newton now threw himself down on a sofa, and remained silent till *Miss Mira* returned, bringing in the band-box, with its contents increased by some additions from his daughter's wardrobe.

“Let me hope this is, indeed, your first offence. ‘Go, and sin no more.’ To-morrow morning you must leave my house, never to sleep within it again.”

Bridget left the room crying vehemently.

Mr. Newton.—And now, Mira, you find that my daughter is innocent.

Miss Mira.—Your daughter! Can you believe she has been *rusticated* from the dead?

Mr. Newton.—That report of my child's death was entirely a mistake. It is proved beyond the possibility of doubt that Sallie is my own daughter, and as such she is to be received here to-morrow. Before she arrives I wish you to take leave. I shall settle upon you two hundred dollars a year for life.

Miss Mira.—Leave to-morrow!

Mr. Newton.—Yes; not another word to-night, if you please. Miss Wentworth, may I trouble you to open the door for Miss Cuffman.

And Miss Cuffman stalked out of the room, for once speechless.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A HAPPY DISCOVERY.

THE next morning the breakfast table at Fairbank was not honored by the presence of Miss Almira Cuffman and Miss Evelina Anderson. Mr. Newton had, the night before, ordered their breakfasts to be sent to their own rooms.

Miss Wentworth presided at the table, and a silent one it was, till just as they were about to rise; then Mr. Newton said, "Miss Wentworth, you deserve to have the pleasure of announcing to Sabrina, what I trust she will consider good news, that she is my daughter, and that I hope she will come with pleasure to take her rightful place in my house. You may take the carriage and go for her. During your

absence the stage-coach will be here to carry Miss Cuffman and Miss Anderson to a distant city, where Mrs. Anderson resides. You will be spared from leave-taking.

Miss Wentworth.—I will have the pleasure of announcing their departure to my pupil, and will inform her of Bridget's confession. I leave the other delightful communication to be made by yourself.

Mr. Newton.—Then you will please assure Mrs. Brice and Jenny of the fact, and ask that dear good lady to allow Jenny to come every day, and share your instructions with Sabrina.

The carriage was soon at the door. Miss Wentworth sprang in with a more joyful countenance than she had had since the death of her father, an event which happened only a year before. Miss Wentworth's father had been, in early life, the friend of Mr. Newton, and now that his widow and children were reduced from opulence to comparative poverty it was a great pleasure to the generous Mr. Newton to aid them in the way that best suited their independent character.

Jenny had told her young friend of the arri-

val of Mr. Newton, and Sallie dreaded the interview she must have with him, though she felt assured that Miss Wentworth had vindicated her character from the vile aspersions which had been thrown around it.

One look at Miss Wentworth's beaming countenance was enough to assure the anxious household at Cherricot that all was right. Sallie, convinced that Mr. Newton would forgive her for leaving Fairbank, drove off, with an effort at cheerfulness, which died away as she came near the place. Miss Wentworth kindly encouraged her, and begged her not to display any want of gratitude to the kind Mr. Newton.

Sallie.—Kind Mr. Newton indeed he is. I am grateful for his wonderful generosity to poor me; but then I am ashamed, dreadfully ashamed, to have caused him so much trouble and anxiety. What shall I say to him? Oh, Miss Wentworth, tell me what I shall say to him?

Miss Wentworth.—Leave that to the promptings of your own heart, when you see him.

When the carriage stopped, Sallie was unable

to get out without assistance. Miss Wentworth led her in, and left her in the dining-room with Mr. Newton. She stood before him with downcast eyes. He did not rise from his chair.

“Oh, Mr. Newton,” exclaimed she, “Can you forgive poor Sallie for running away from you?”

“I can,” replied Mr. Newton, much moved, “but why did you leave me?”

“Oh sir, there was something so strange and mysterious here, that I couldn't bear it. In that bed-room the white curtains made me think of the death-bed of my mother. That picture made me think of my mother. Then I discovered some articles that belonged to my mother. This Bible was one (and she took the little book from her pocket), here was a name, with the same initials as those on my mother's wedding-ring. The little gold ring that she slipped from her slender finger into my hand, when she was dying. Oh, sir, you are crying for pity; how kind you are to a poor nameless orphan! But, indeed, I could not stay here, I was unhappy, and I thought I would go and

learn more about my blessed mother, from Mrs. Macer, and then find some place where I could work and earn money enough to pay you back what you had given Mrs. Macer for my time. Please, sir, don't be so distressed for me; your tears are too much for me. I would not give you pain, indeed, I would not; please forgive me, and if there is any way that I can make up, for all the trouble I have caused you, tell me, and I will try with all my might to prove that I am not ungrateful."

"My dear child; my own Sabrina!" exclaimed the father, pointing to the picture. "*She* was, indeed, your blessed mother, and you are my own daughter."

Sallie stood for a moment as though turned to stone, but her eye caught the initials, "T. N." on the wedding-ring, which she had slipped from her finger as she was speaking of it, and the whole truth flashed instantly through her mind. She sprang forward, flung her arms about Mr. Newton's neck, her head rested upon his shoulder, and there for a long time, she sobbed aloud.

"Now, my own darling, calm yourself, and

tell me what has happened to you during your absence from Fairbank," said Mr. Newton, laying back the dark ringlets from his daughter's forehead, and regarding her with fond affection.

Sabrina related all her adventures till she came to the unkind reception she, and her good friends Joseph and his wife, had met on her return to Fairbank; then she hesitated, and could not proceed.

"I am fully aware of the facts which your generosity would keep back, but my dear child, you are truly noble; not one word of complaint have I heard you utter against the persons by whom you were so cruelly treated."

"Ah, Mr. Newton, they have been punished sufficiently. I am very sorry for them."

"Is it so difficult then, to call me father, Sabrina?"

"Did I say, Mr. Newton? Oh, excuse me, my heart says, *father*."

CHAPTER XXXII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Not many hours had elapsed, before *Sabrina* was again established in her own delightful rooms, but, ah! how different were the emotions with which she now took possession of those beautiful apartments."

Her warm heart thrilled with grateful affection for her father. Again and again she repeated to herself, "How good God has been to poor me!"

Miss Wentworth, too, having removed from her attic, was a near neighbor to her pupil. Soon after she was quietly established, she knocked at Sabrina's door, and said, "You can leave the doors open between our rooms, if you feel lonely at night."

"Thank you," replied Sabrina, pointing to the cheval glass, "I am not frightened at my own shadow any longer. I begin to know myself."

And Miss Wentworth, as she looked at the very pretty girl, did not wonder at her not being frightened to see herself; not knowing the superstitious dread which had so tortured the poor desolate orphan.

"I want to go back to my childhood with you, and tell you a great many foolish things about myself," continued Sabrina, "if you will be so kind as to listen."

"With the greatest pleasure," Miss Wentworth said, as she seated herself and took Sabrina affectionately by the hand; "tell me with perfect freedom, everything you can remember about yourself. Begin to day, and finish your story from time to time, as we have leisure."

Sallie.—"Oh, it will be soon told; there is very little in it to interest you."

Miss Wentworth.—"You mistake, Sabrina; every life is wonderful, and if its history were told with perfect truth, must be interesting to

every human being who can think and feel. Do not fear being too minute, for I wish to know you thoroughly.

Sallie.—Then I will begin as far back as I can remember. Isn't it singular, that since I have been here, I can recollect many circumstances which I before had forgotten?

Miss Wentworth.—No, my dear; the objects around you have suggested them, and memory thus quickened serves you faithfully. I am all attention and interest, go on.

And Sallie went on and on, until Miss Wentworth was in tears; then she stopped suddenly, and said, "I will not tell you any more at this time, it is too bad for me to make you cry."

"Oh, no, my generous Sabrina, it is not your troubles and trials that make me weep—it is your magnanimous forgiveness of all who have injured you; but it is time for us to retire. We will read our Bibles together every night before retiring; if you please, and say our prayers afterwards."

The words of Holy Writ and the simple petitions which followed, soothed and tranquilized the mind of Sabrina, and as she lay down

that night in her curtained bed, no superstitious fears haunted her. A calm, holy trust in God who had created, and redeemed her, had taken the place of superstitious awe.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SABRINA'S PARTY.

GREAT excitement prevailed in the village of Snowton. Invitations were sent out to all the children of the district school for a party. Sabrina Newton's party. Just before school commenced the children gathered about the school-house door.

"I never spoke a kind word to poor Sallie in all my life," said one little girl.

"What's more," replied the boy to whom this was addressed, "I always tormented her when I got a chance. I am afraid Mr. Newton means to catch us in a trap, and give us all a right down scolding."

"Very likely," said another, "I used to make all manner of fun of poor Sallie's mean frocks

and queer bonnets; I wonder if she remembers it; I want to go to this party, dreadfully."

"So do I; and I mean to go, come what will," replied one of the larger girls, "though I used to call poor Sallie "a starved kitten."

"Whose fault was it that she hadn't enough to eat?" demanded the boy who had laughed at the *mean frocks* and *queer bonnets*,—"Oh I never did that, it was too cruel. I shouldn't think you would dare to go."

"I will go, and if she presumes to say anything to me about it now, I will tell her she needn't be so mighty proud. But here comes Jenny Brice, she was always Sallie's friend, how glad she must be now. Suppose we ask her something about this party."

Several of the girls ran towards Jenny exclaiming, "Tell us all about the party that is to be given at Fairbank."

"Oh it is going to be the most beautiful affair, that ever was seen. There is to be a large tent spread under the trees on the lawn, with tables filled with fruit, flowers, confectionary, ice-cream and everything delicious. Then there are to be prizes distributed—splen-

did prizes: I don't know what they are to be for; but I've seen them, and they are magnificent. I mustn't tell yet what they are. I suppose you are all going."

"Yes; yes. We are—we are," replied dozens of them, the boy who had laughed at the mean frocks and queer bonnets, the loudest of all.

"Here comes Mr. Hollister, I wonder if he is going to the party," said Jenny.

"Ask him, ask him," whispered the children.

"Excuse me, sir, if you think it impertinent; but we would like to know if you are going to Sabrina Newton's party to-morrow."

"It is my intention, Jenny; and I hope to meet all my scholars there. It is time now to go into school."

The next day was the eleventh of September, Sabrina Newton's birthday, and the party was given to commemorate that event.

A large marquee, or tent was pitched upon the beautiful, smooth-shaven lawn at Fairbank. The tent was circular and the curtains could be drawn up, so as to form graceful festoons around

it, with cords and tassels of blue and white between each festoon.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the children came trooping up the lawn in a body. They had waited at the gate until a large number assembled, because they felt sheepish and ashamed, and they had good reason to feel so. When they entered the spacious drawing-room, they were cordially received by Miss Wentworth and Sabrina. The latter was dressed in a simple white frock, and blue sash; perfectly neat in appearance and graceful in manner. Some of the conscious schoolmates stuck their fingers in their mouths, some hung their heads on one side and raised their shoulders almost to their ears, and others kept their eyes fastened on the carpet, not daring to look at Sabrina.

She came forward and addressed each by name, with a free, kind manner, that quite surprised them all.

Harry Thomson was among the last who came. For the first time in his life he wore a long-tailed coat, and, moreover, he had mounted a standing collar. He came in, holding hat and cane in one hand, in the most approved

style, and bowing very low, he said in a hearty, cordial manner :

“ Miss Newton, I am really glad to see you in your own home ; it is one of those delightful things that seem too good to be true, that you should be restored to your father. Oh ! there’s sweet Jenny Brice. I suppose, now I have entered college, I ought to call her Miss Brice. I must go and pay my respects to her.”

And the smart young collegian stepped across the room, and made another low bow to Jenny.

A band of music now struck up a lively air, and the shy, awkward company of school children were glad to be released from the stiffness of the drawing-room, and to wander about the garden, or dance upon the lawn. Mr. Newton had not made his appearance among them. Miss Wentworth looked out for all, to see that they were enjoying the party, while Sabrina mingled with them in their games, and their races around the garden, with genuine glee.

At half-past five o’clock the curtains of the tent were drawn up, and the children gathered from the garden and grounds to partake of the

bountiful refreshments. The large table was beautiful decorated with flowers. In the centre was a tall pyramid, formed of little baskets filled with choice flowers. At each end of the table were similar pyramids, formed of books and toys. Then the fruit, cakes, ices, and confectionary were arranged with other flowers about the table, forming a magnificent display, such as the girls and boys had never supposed possible, excepting in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

They gazed with perfect rapture at the novel sight for some moments, forgetting that it was intended for any other purpose but to please the eye. But Mr. Newton came with Mr. Hollister to the tent, and begged the young people to help themselves freely to whatever they pleased, excepting that they would not demolish the pyramids till they had satisfied themselves with the eatables.

"Mr. Thomson," said Mr. Newton, "you can help us wait upon the young ladies."

"Certainly, sir," said Harry, drawing off his straw-coloured kid gloves, and filling first a full plate for Jenny Brice.

He was followed by the big boy who had laughed at the mean frocks and queer bonnets, who showed no reluctance to partake of what was before him. And, in fact, the other girls and boys seemed to have forgotten everything but the enjoyment of the moment.

When they had fully satisfied themselves with the feast, Mr. Newton, standing at the head of the table, said, "You all know this party is given for my daughter, my long lost Sabrina, whom you have all known as poor Sallie. The wonderful providence of God has restored her to me, and I not only feel grateful to God for this merciful dispensation, but to every human being who has shown kindness to my dear child. In testimony of my gratitude to those who are here present, I have to offer some trifling mementoes."

"Who, among you all," he continued, "can claim this watch, as a memento of the unvarying kindness shown to my daughter, when she was poor Sallie."

Mr. Newton held up a plain, but excellent gold watch, with a gold chain and a seal, on which was inscribed, "Gratitude."

For some moments not a sound was heard; then Harry Thomson spoke out loudly,—“ Mr. Hollister.”

Twenty voices or more echoed, “ Mr Hollister! Mr. Hollister!”

“ Is it a unanimous vote? Hold up your hands, all who think Mr. Hollister deserves the watch,” said Mr. Newton. Every girl and boy present, Sabrina included, held up both hands, and exclaimed, “ Mr. Hollister! Mr. Hollister!”

Mr. Newton handed the watch to the faithful, kind schoolmaster, merely saying, “ Please accept it, sir.”

Mr. Hollister bowed, without being able to utter a word, so entirely was he taken by surprise, and so completely overwhelmed by the willing, cordial testimony of his scholars.

Mr. Newton then held up a beautiful work-box of rosewood, lined with crimson velvet, and filled with all the articles for needlework, of glittering steel, silver, and gold, saying :—

“ And who deserves this, and much more than this, for unvarying kindness to poor Sallie.”

“Jenny Brice! sweet Jenny Brice!” shouted the whole group.

And Mr. Newton handed the beautiful work-box to the blushing Jenny.

He then took from his pocket a purse, containing \$200 in gold.

“When my beloved child was lost, I offered one hundred dollars to any one who would give information where she might be found. A noble-hearted farmer and his kind wife brought her to her home, and to this day have claimed no reward. I have added another hundred, and consider it a very trifling testimony of the gratitude that fills my heart, when I think of their disinterested kindness and hospitality to my poor child. This, then, is for Joseph Plemson and his wife. From the pyramid of books and toys, Mr. Newton now took a splendidly bound copy of Wordsworth’s Poems, and said, “Now, to whom shall I have the pleasure of presenting this book?”

The eager listeners hung their heads, and were silent. Again Mr. Newton repeated the question; no reply came. “Is it possible that

you cannot remember any acts of kindness shown to poor Sallie?"

Still they were silent.

Sabrina, blushing deeply, said, "Harry Thomson was sorry when he hit me once, and he spoke very kindly to me, the morning that I left Fairbank."

Mr. Newton handed the book to Harry.

"No, sir, no, sir, I cannot accept it! Indeed I do not deserve it," replied Harry, earnestly.

"Then accept it as a testimony of Sabrina's forgiveness," continued Mr. Newton, placing the elegant book in Harry's unwilling hand.

"And is there no one else who can claim a tribute from this pyramid?"

Silence again, and blushes of shame and contrition on many a youthful face.

Sabrina whispered to her father a few words, and he then said:—

"My daughter wishes me to distribute these gifts among you, as tokens of her entire forgiveness. As I hold them up she will name the girl or boy who is to receive them."

This was, indeed, "heaping coals of fire on their heads." Many were melted to tears;

and, as some beautiful book or interesting toy was held up, and Sabrina called out the name of a schoolmate who had ridiculed or tormented her, the conscience-stricken culprit came forward, trembling and ashamed, to receive the gift, and some of the younger children said, "Oh, I am sorry, very sorry!"

After all who were present had received a gift, Mr. Newton said:—"Henceforth I trust you will all remember to be kind and considerate towards the poor and unfortunate. And now I propose three cheers for faithful Frisk, who remembered his young mistress, and did not desert her because she was a poor orphan."

Fairbank echoed with the shrill cheer of the children, and Frisk joined in the chorus with a joyful bark.

"And now, sweet Jenny Brice," continued Mr. Newton, "you may distribute the baskets of flowers, from the central pyramid, among our young friends, and then we will bid them good evening."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WISE GRANDMOTHER.

“Grandma, I can’t understand why you will not let me go to Fairbank every day, and take lessons of Miss Wentworth, when dear, good Mr. Newton urges it so much.”

The tone in which Jenny Brice uttered this little speech was quite different from the usual sweet tone of her charming voice. It had a touch of complaint in it not agreeable to the ear of her grandmother. Mrs. Brice with some sternness of manner replied,

“I will not consent to your taking lessons in what are called ‘the higher branches of education,’ because you might be thereby unfitted for the station in which providence has placed you.”

Jenny.—But who knows but I may have as *good luck* as Sallie, and be rich one of these days.

Mrs. Brice.—I am grieved, my dear child to hear you speak in this way. *Good luck!* there is no such thing. Your condition in life is appointed you by God himself. Hitherto you have been perfectly contented with it. Oh, Jenny, you have disappointed me.

Jenny.—Oh grandma! don't say so. I see now how it is. I have been too much delighted with the beautiful things I have seen at Fairbank, and so I have been, what you call, building castles in the air. I have imagined some rich uncle might leave me a fortune.

Mrs. Brice.—How absurd! you have no rich uncle—you might as well expect a lump of gold as large as a barrel, would fall at your feet from the moon.

Jenny.—Grandma, please don't make fun of me; I see I have been very silly and wicked.

Mrs. Brice.—You are not alone in this respect, my child. Many young persons infer from a single, rare instance like that of Sabrina Newton, that what they call good fortune,

will come to them from some unknown quarter, when there is not a bare possibility of such a change in their outward circumstances. God does exalt one and debase another again; not by a turn of "the wheel of Fortune" as it is irreverently termed, does he raise the fallen as in the case of Joseph, who was exalted to be next to Pharaoh.—Poor Sallie, like Joseph, has had her night of sorrow and affliction. She did not see the hand of her Heavenly Father in all this, as did the son of Jacob; yet for wise and good reasons, he has brought her out of this trial, and now gives her another—namely, the trial, of prosperity. Do you think Sallie's road to Heaven is made more easy by this change?

Jenny.—I think it is, because she has now the kind, religious Miss Wentworth to instruct her, and to guide her by her beautiful example. But truly, grandma, I don't think it would make my path to heaven less difficult, for riches would be a great temptation to me.

Mrs. Brice.—Why a greater temptation to you than to Sabrina Newton?

Jenny.—Because she cares less for them than any person I have ever known, she would give

away to-morrow, every earthly thing that she possesses, and not feel the loss.

Mrs. Brice.—But God has made her now responsible for the right use of riches and will call her to an account as his steward. Let us hope and pray that through His blessing she may be enabled so to employ them as to receive at last the blissful sentence, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” Evelina Anderson passed through the same trial and was found wanting. She became haughty and cruel, and has returned to her dishonest mother to be a greater trouble to her than before. A fearful lesson does this teach for those who aim at a worldly position to which God has not appointed them.

Jenny.—Oh grandma! please say no more. I have always been contented and thankful, and I am, if possible more so than ever, when I consider how tremendous is the responsibility which has now come upon poor Sallie.





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